

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

STILL ONLY 12c

GE

HANNA-BARBERA

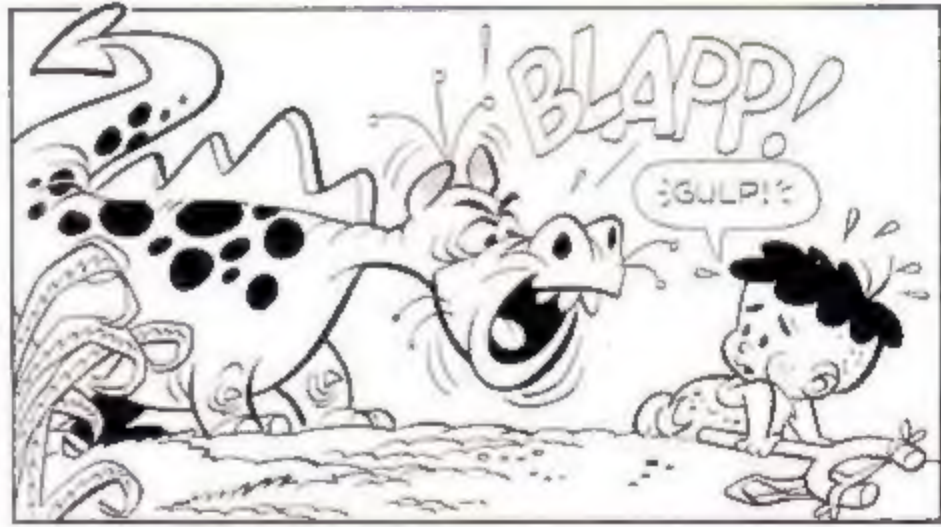
CAVE KIDS

10044-406
JUNE



CAVE KIDS

I'M GONNA GET ME
A BIG, LOUD, NOISY
BLAPPASAUROUS!



CAVE KIDS

ALL FOR FAME AND FAME FOR ALL

SNORTASAURUS
DONATED BY
MR. McCLUB

MY, MR. McCLUB WAS A BRAVE MAN TO CATCH THIS BEAST!

THEN TOO...HE'S GENEROUS TO DONATE IT TO THE ZOO!

EVERYBODY WHO GIVES ANIMALS TO THE ZOO IS FAMOUS!

SNORT!

SWAMPASAURUS
DONATED BY
G.O.G.O.G.

DON'T FEED YOURSELF TO THE ANIMALS



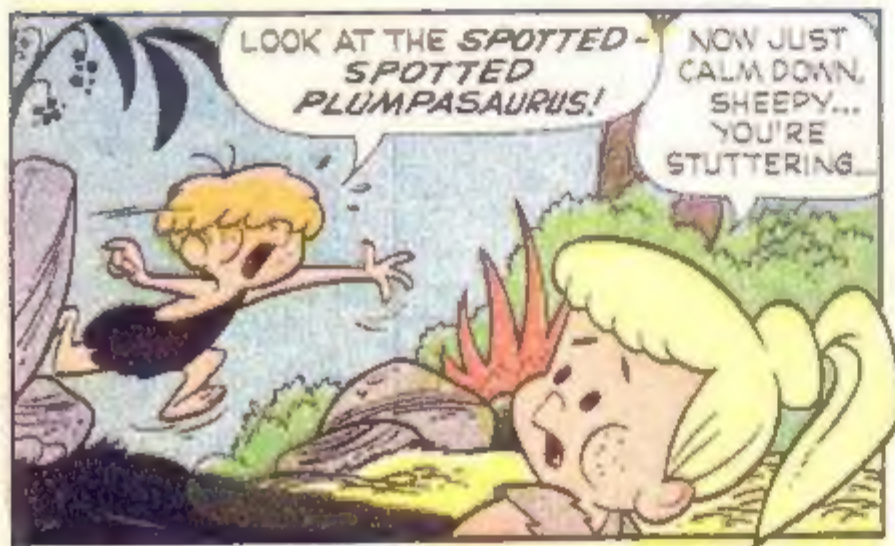


OH, WELL...IT'S JUST A HOP, SKIP AND A SCURRY OVER TO THE CREEK!



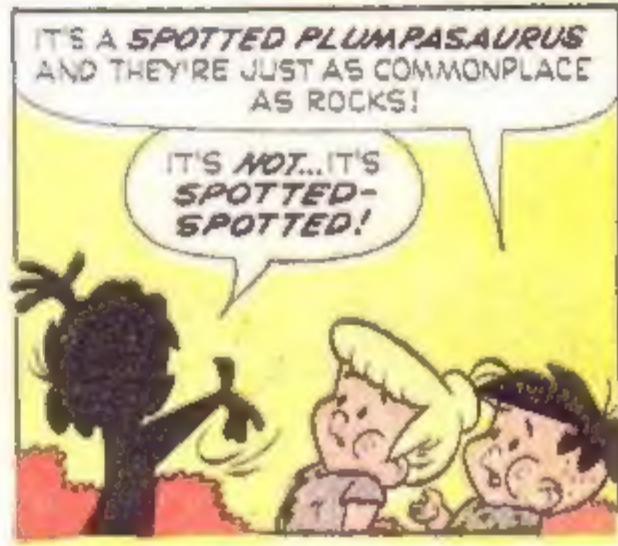
HEY, KIDS!!

?



LOOK AT THE *SPOTTED-SPOTTED PLUMPASAUROS!*

NOW JUST CALM DOWN, SHEEPLY... YOU'RE STUTTERING...



IT'S A *SPOTTED PLUMPASAUROS* AND THEY'RE JUST AS COMMONPLACE AS ROCKS!

IT'S *NOT*...IT'S *SPOTTED-SPOTTED!*



SEE? A SPOTTED PLUMPASAUROS WITH *SPOTS* ON ITS *SPOTS!*

SAY, I NEVER SAW *THAT* BEFORE! A REAL *RARITY!*



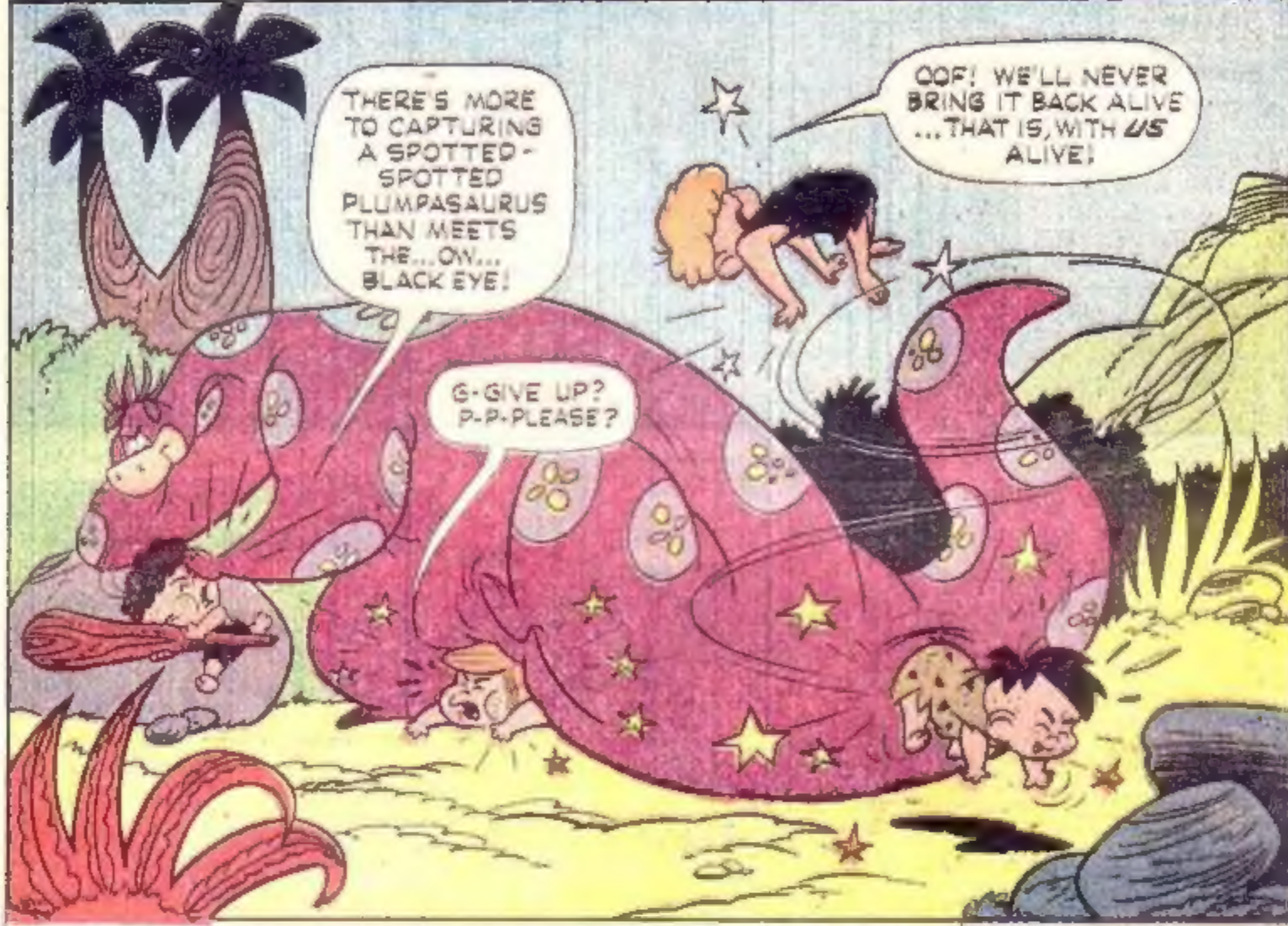
HMM! MY THINK TANK IS GRINDING OUT A BRAIN-STORM!

LET'S CATCH THIS ODD CRITTER AND DONATE IT TO THE ZOO...



AND GET OUR NAME ON THE SIGN AND BE FAMOLS!

CHARGE!



THERE'S MORE TO CAPTURING A SPOTTED-SPOTTED PLUMPASAURUS THAN MEETS THE...OV...BLACK EYE!

OOF! WE'LL NEVER BRING IT BACK ALIVE ... THAT IS, WITH US ALIVE!

G-GIVE UP? P-P-PLEASE?



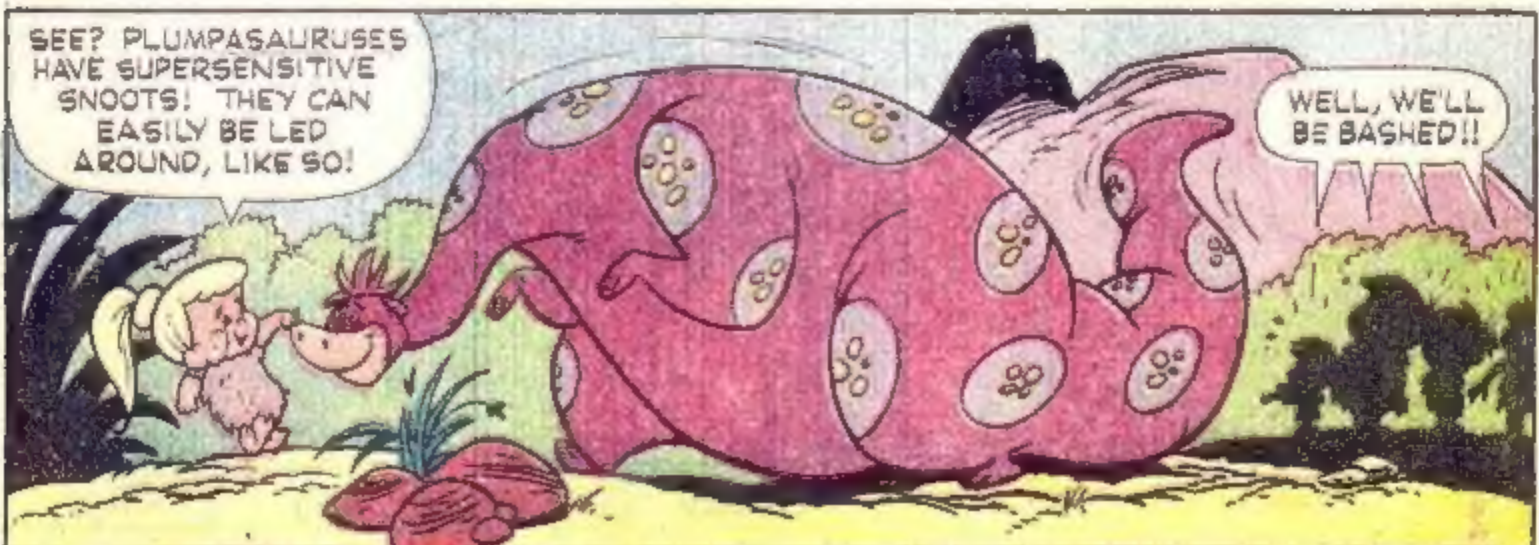
NOW WILL YOU ALLOW A LADY TO TRY HER HAND AT THIS?

HAH! DON'T MAKE US LAUGH!

WE HURT TOO MUCH!



TUT, TUT! YOU FELLAS TOOK THE WRONG APPROACH...



SEE? PLUMPASAURUSES HAVE SUPERSENSITIVE SNOOTS! THEY CAN EASILY BE LED AROUND, LIKE SO!

WELL, WE'LL BE BASHED!!

AND SO...

YES, A SPOTTED-SPOTTED PLUMPASAURUS IS A MOST UNUSUAL SORTA SAURUS! THANKS TONS!

ZOO KEEPER

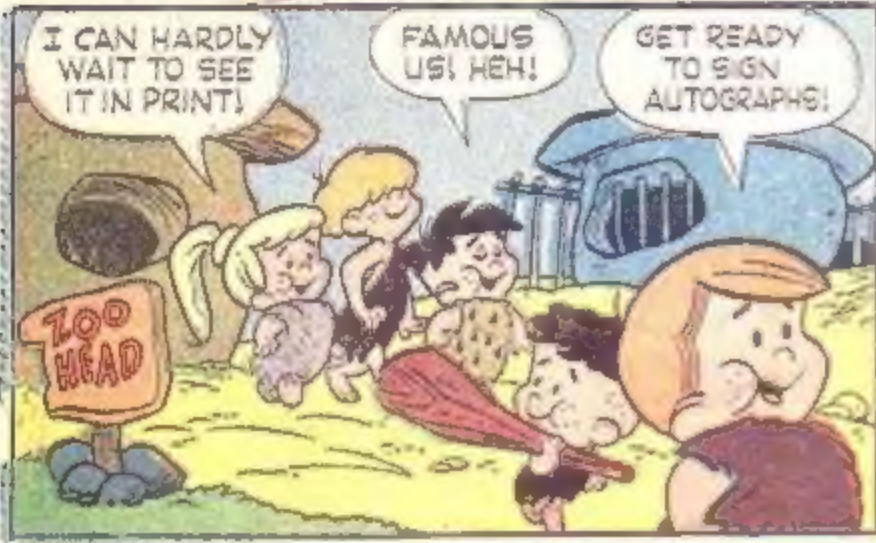
AND ON THE SIGN, PUT...DONATED BY THE CAVE KIDS!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT IN PRINT!

FAMOUS US! HEH!

GET READY TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS!

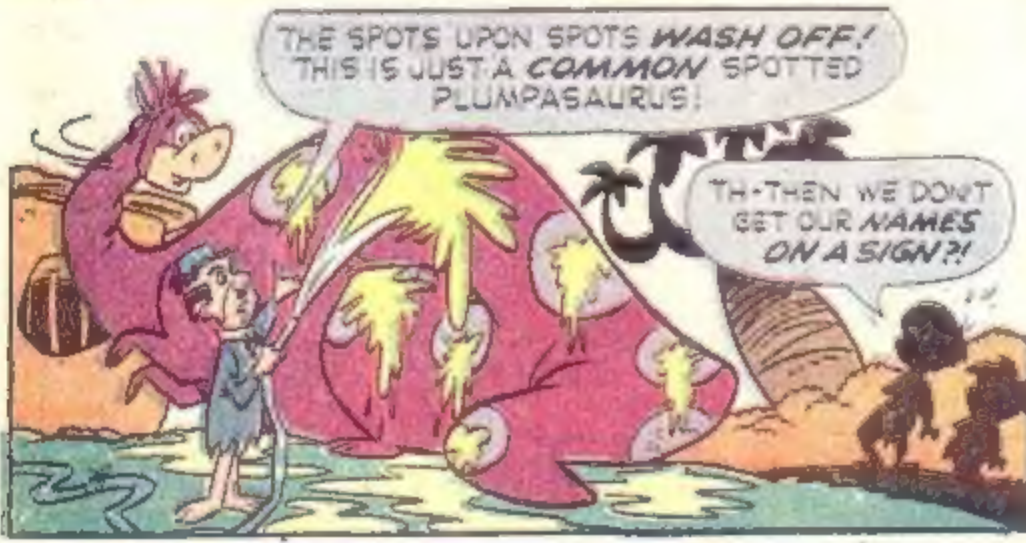


HEY! I'VE BEEN GYPPED!!



THE SPOTS UPON SPOTS WASH OFF! THIS IS JUST A COMMON SPOTTED PLUMPASAURUS!

TH-THEN WE DON'T GET OUR NAMES ON A SIGN?!



OH, YES, KIDS...YOU'LL GET YOUR NAMES ON A SIGN SURE ENOUGH...

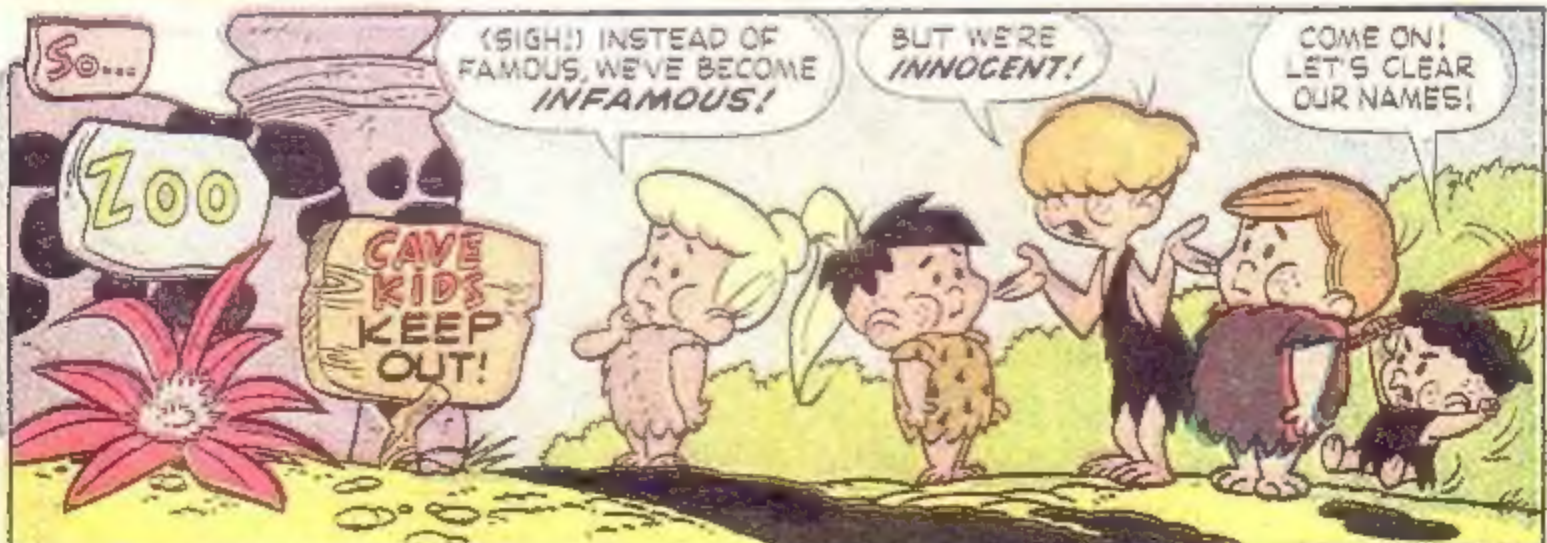


So...

(SIGH!) INSTEAD OF FAMOUS, WE'VE BECOME INFAMOUS!

BUT WE'RE INNOCENT!

COME ON! LET'S CLEAR OUR NAMES!

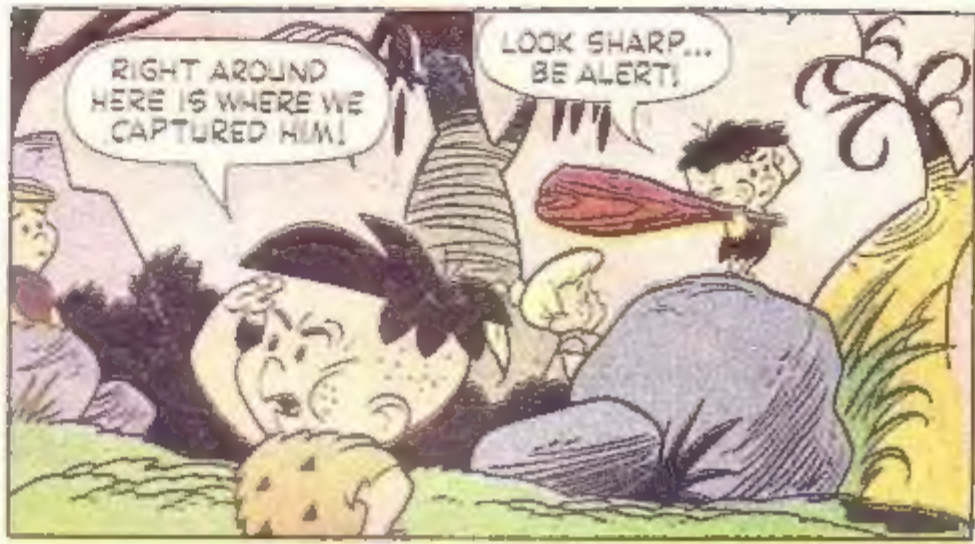


LET'S FIND OUT WHO PUT THE EXTRA SPOTS ON OUR CATCH!



RIGHT AROUND HERE IS WHERE WE CAPTURED HIM!

LOOK SHARP... BE ALERT!



HEY! HERE'S A REAL RARE CREEPING THING...



A SPOTTED BUDDY-BOYUS! GOT CHA!

HUH?!

LOOK! SPOTS ON BUDDY'S HAIR!

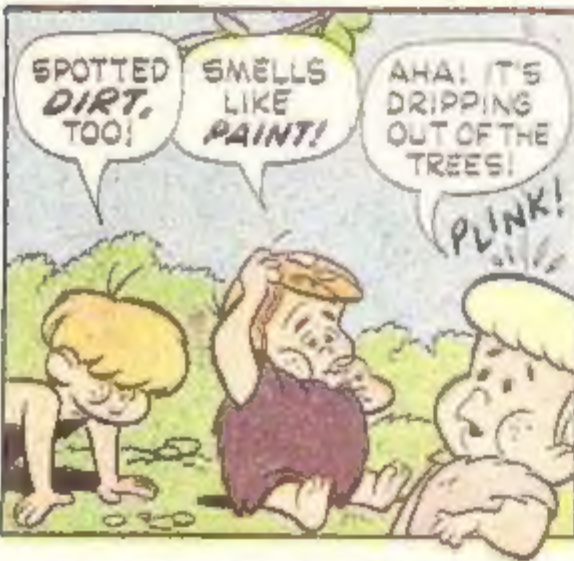


SPOTTED DIRT, TOO!

SMELLS LIKE PAINT!

AHA! IT'S DRIPPING OUT OF THE TREES!

PLINK!



LOOK! THAT MAN IS PAINTING THE ACORNS YELLOW!

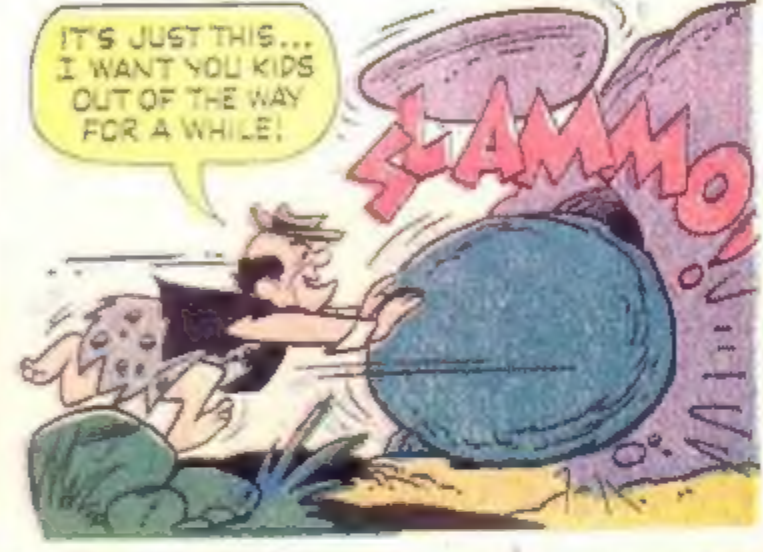
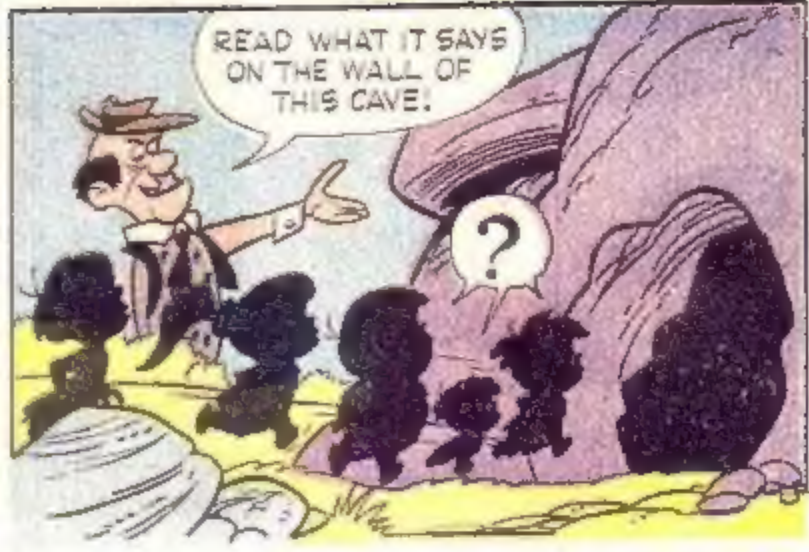
OH, OH! I'M SPOTTED!

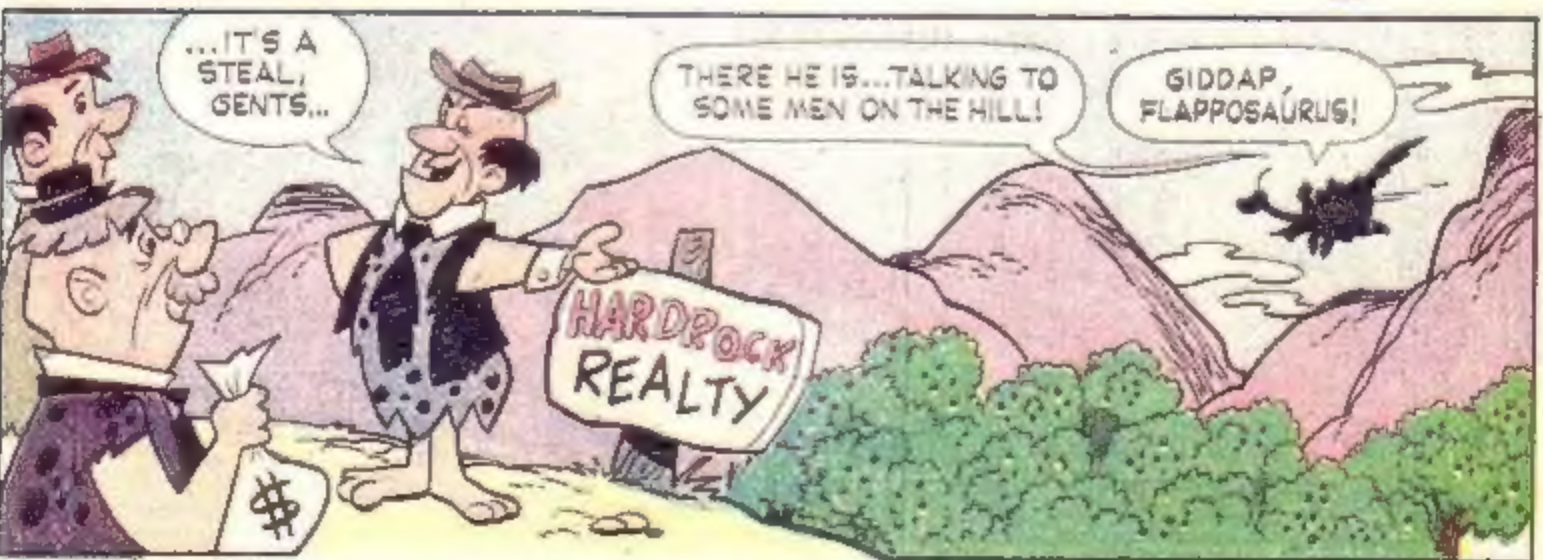
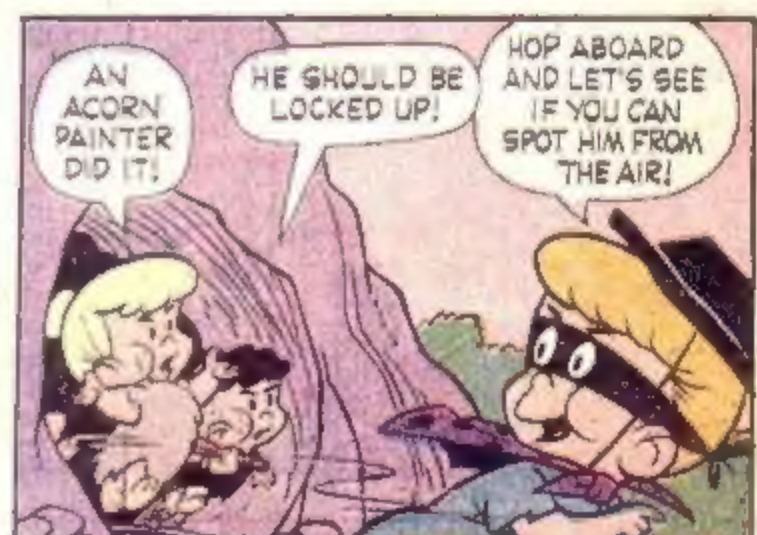
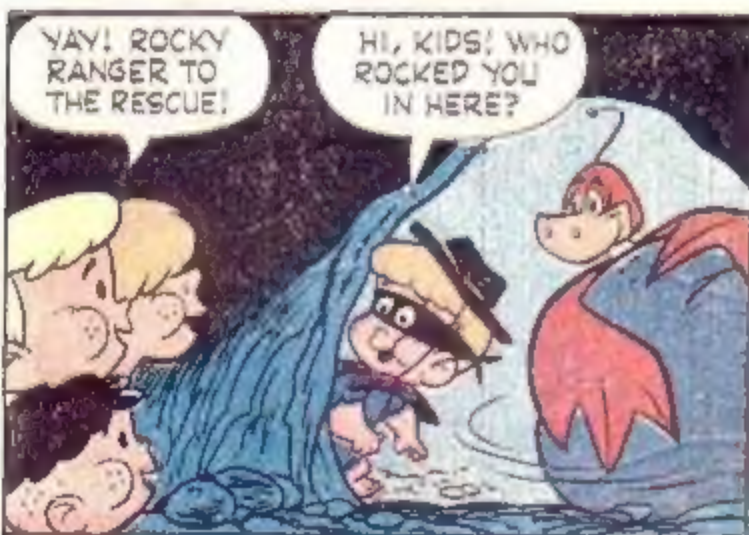
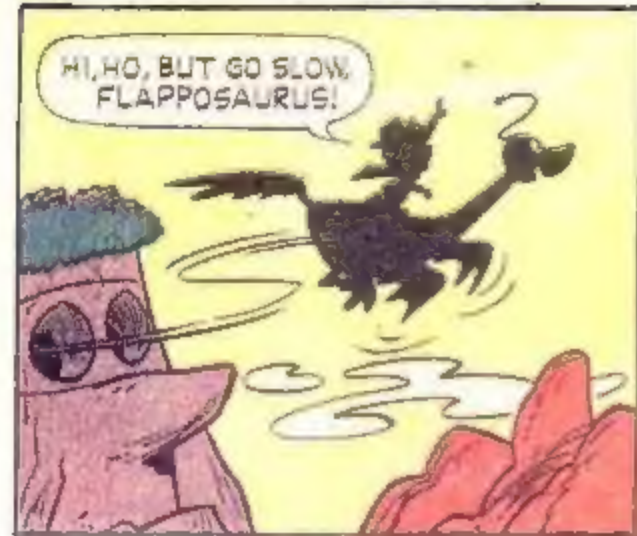


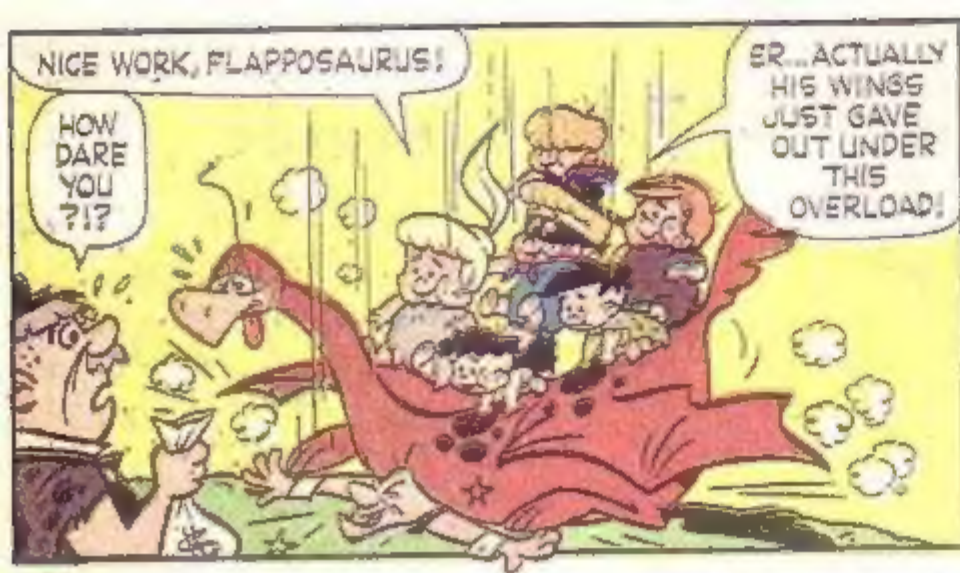
TEE, HEE! WHAT ACORN-Y THING TO DO!

ER... WAIT, KIDS... DON'T RUN-OFF!









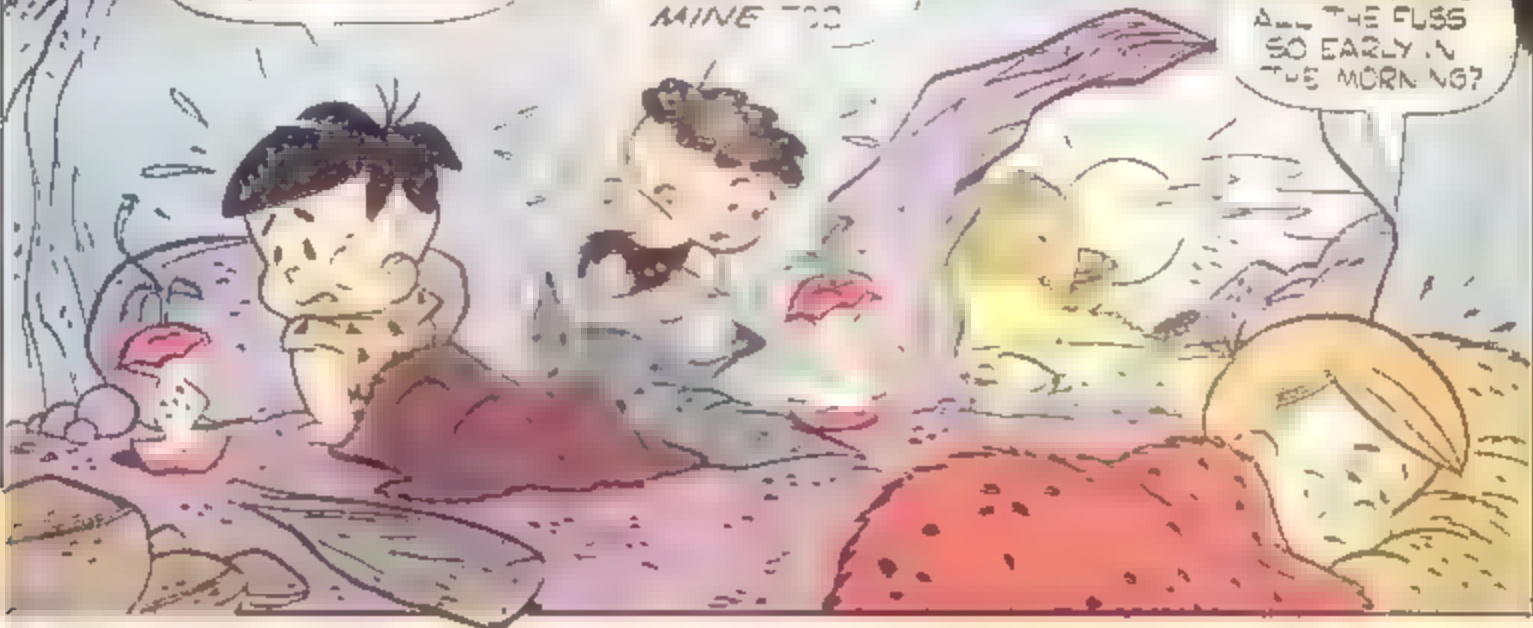
CAVE KIDS

the MIDNIGHT MENACE

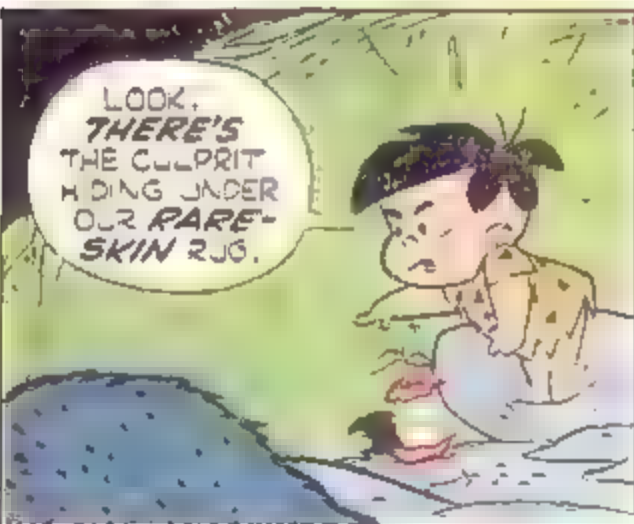
HEY, WHO ATE MY THISTLEFRUIT DURING THE NIGHT?

HEY, SOMEBODY STOLE MY MINE TOO.

(YAWN.) WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?

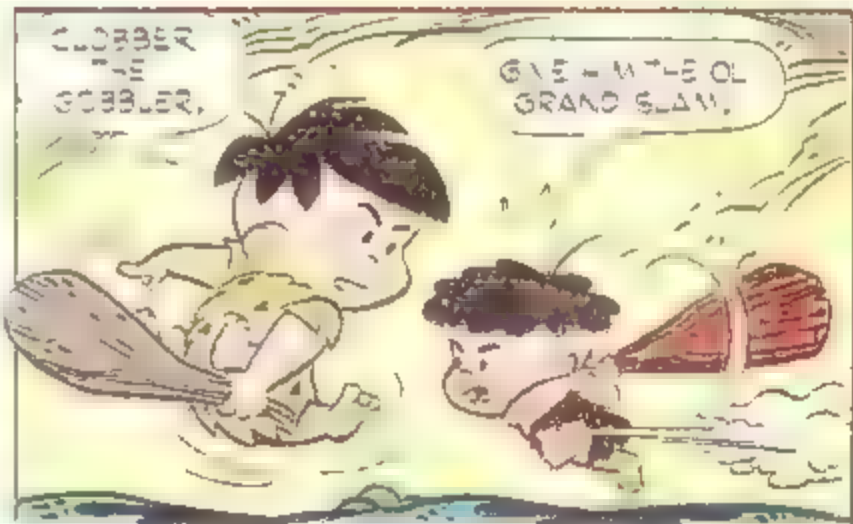


LOOK, THERE'S THE CULPRIT HIDING UNDER OUR RARE-SKIN RUG.



GOBLER IS GOBLER.

GIVE A LITTLE OL' GRAND SLAM.



GIVE UP?

TAKE THIS!

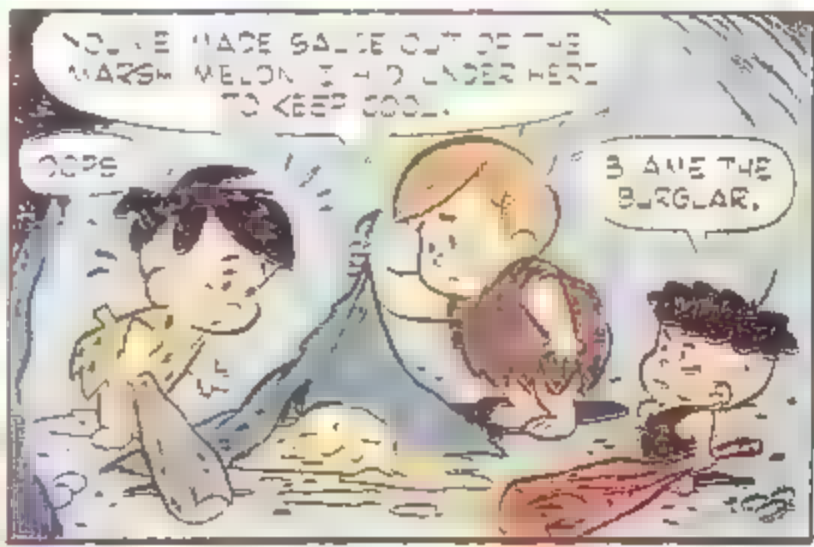
OH NO S-STOP!

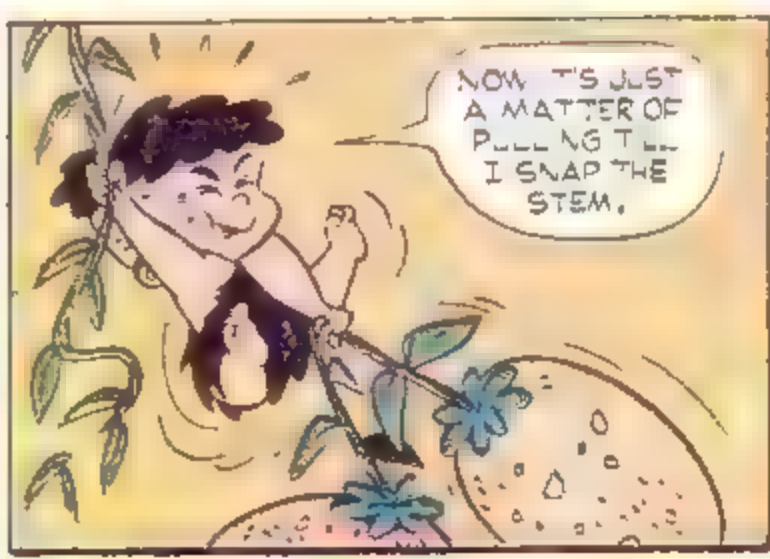
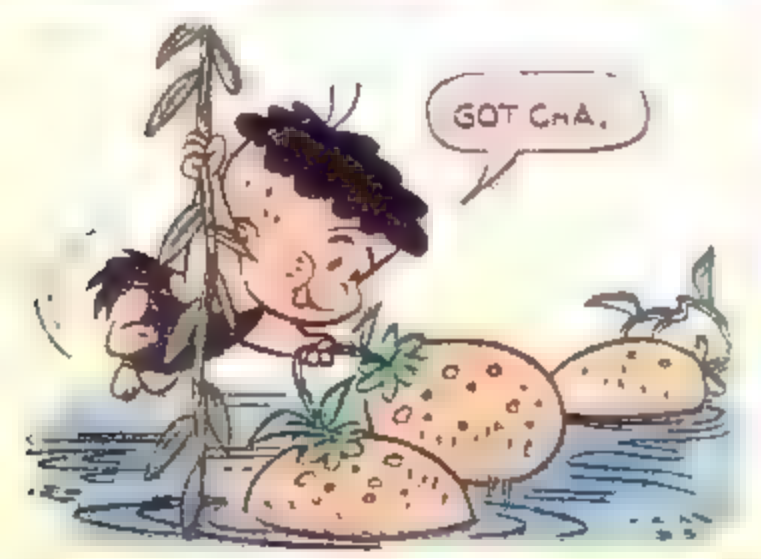
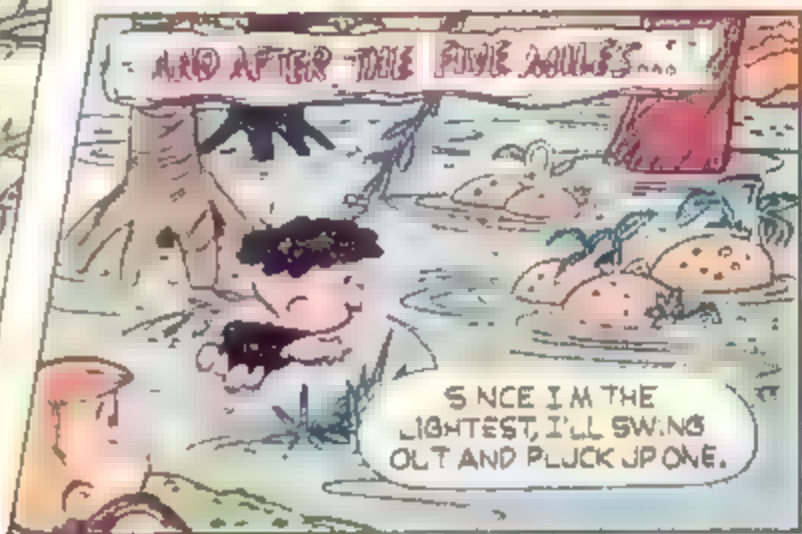
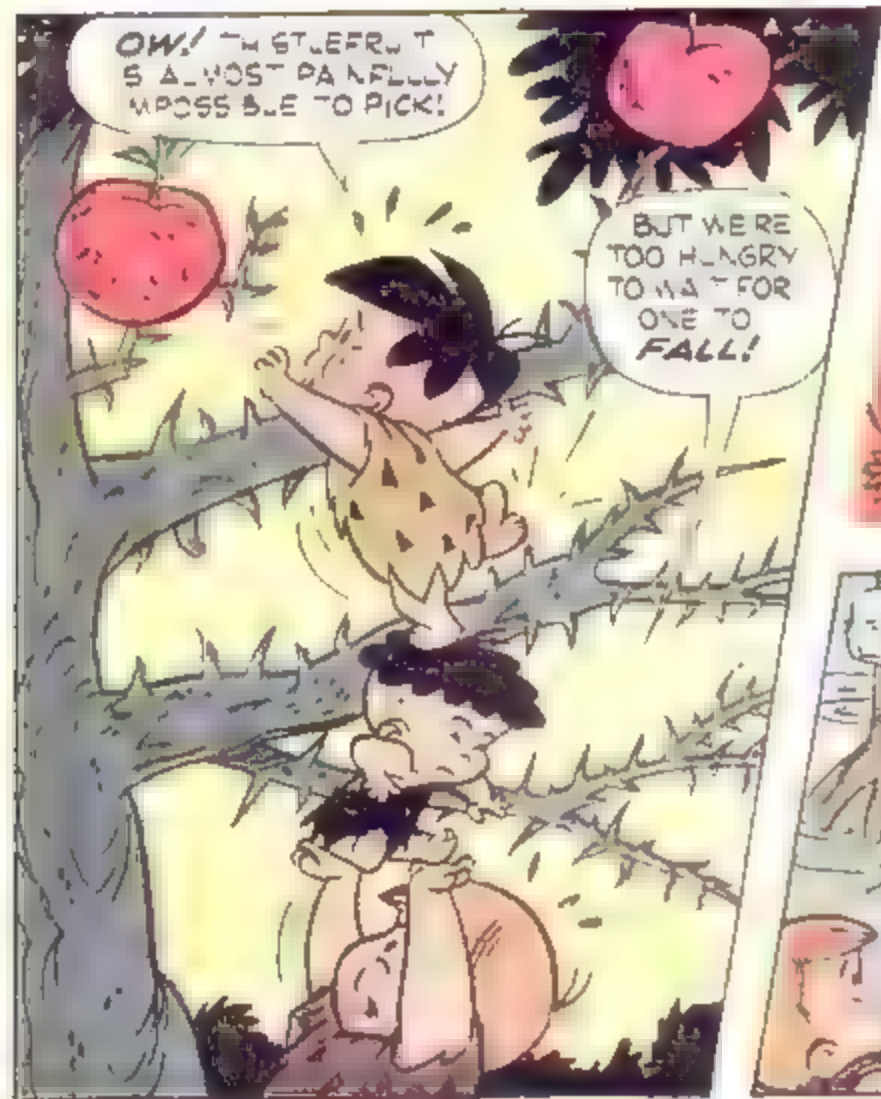
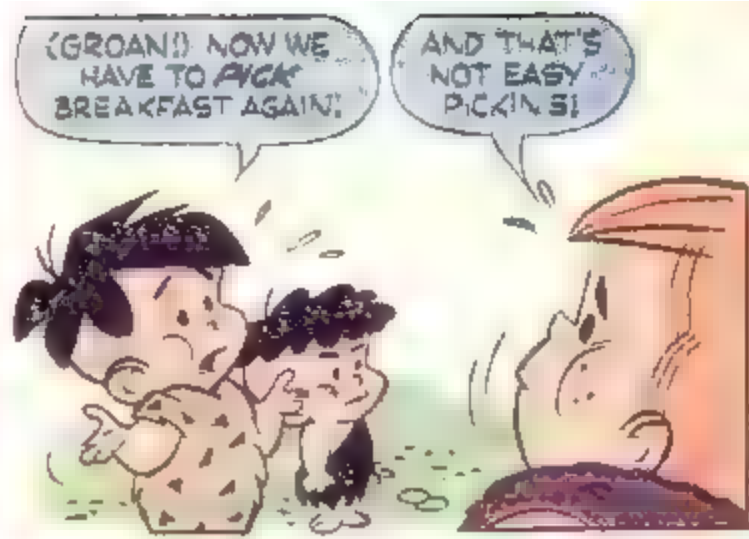
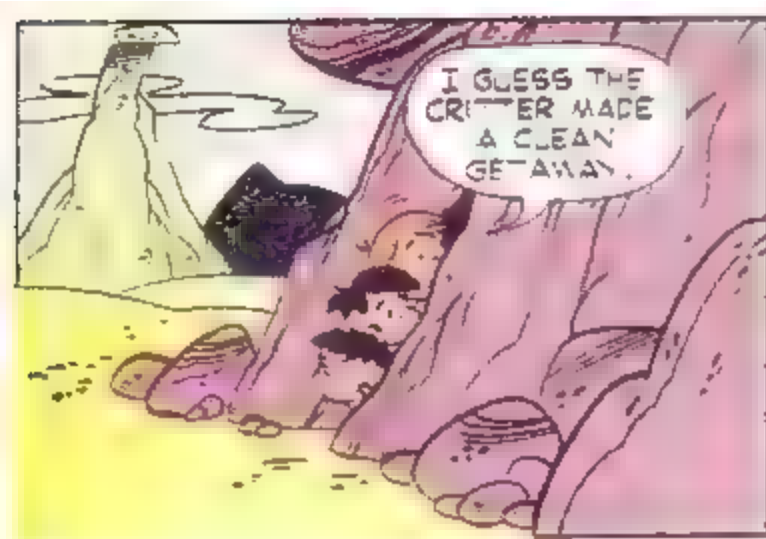


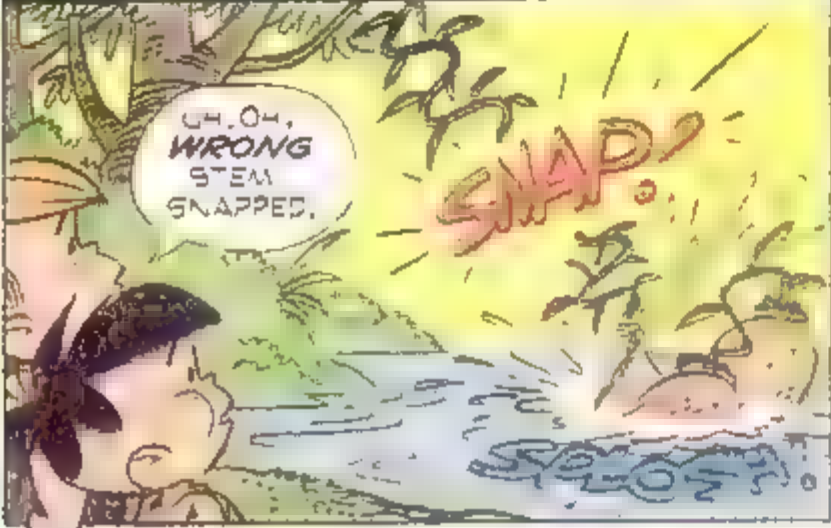
YOU'VE MADE SALCE OUT OF THE MARSH MELON I HAD UNDER HERE TO KEEP COOL.

OOOPS

3 ARE THE BURGLAR.

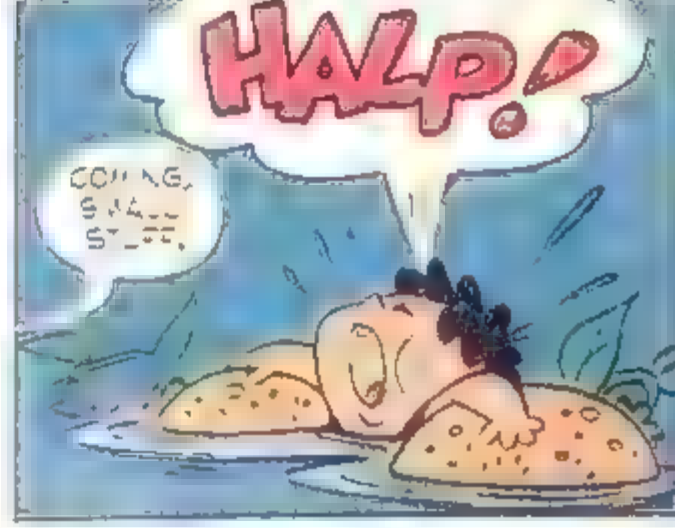






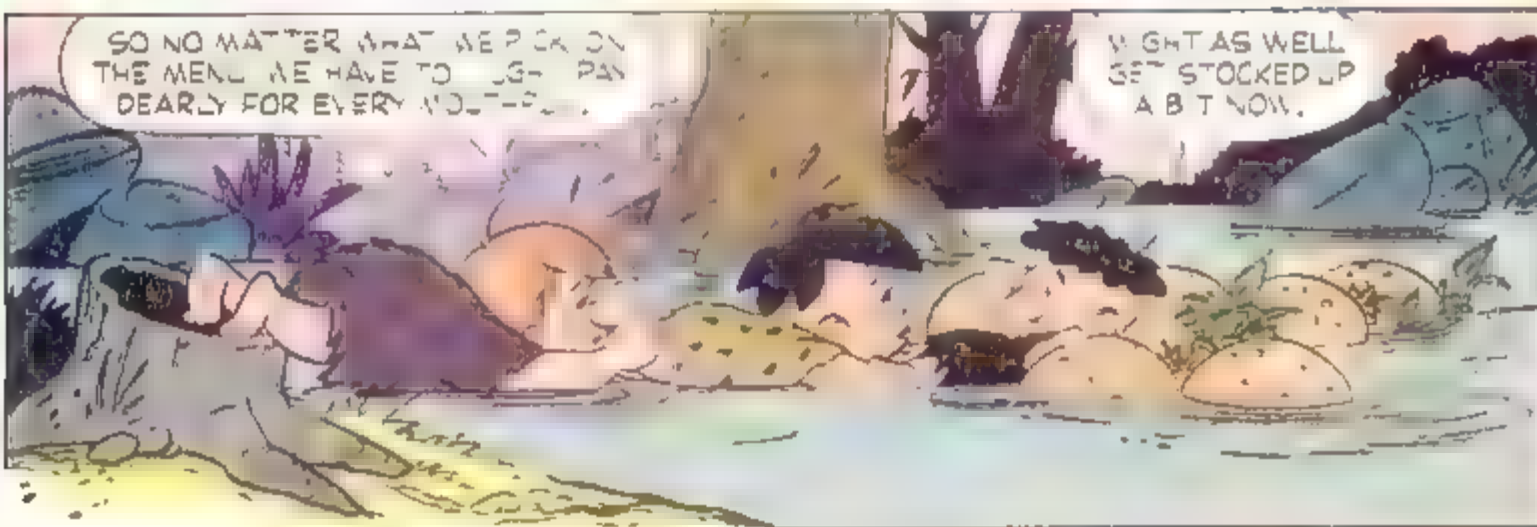
OH-OH,
WRONG
STEM
SNAPPED.

SNAP!



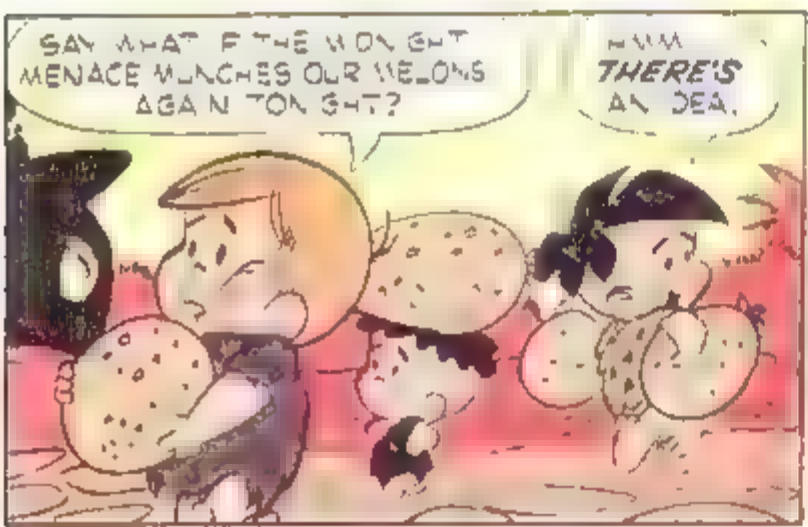
HALP!

COMING,
SNAKE
STUFF.



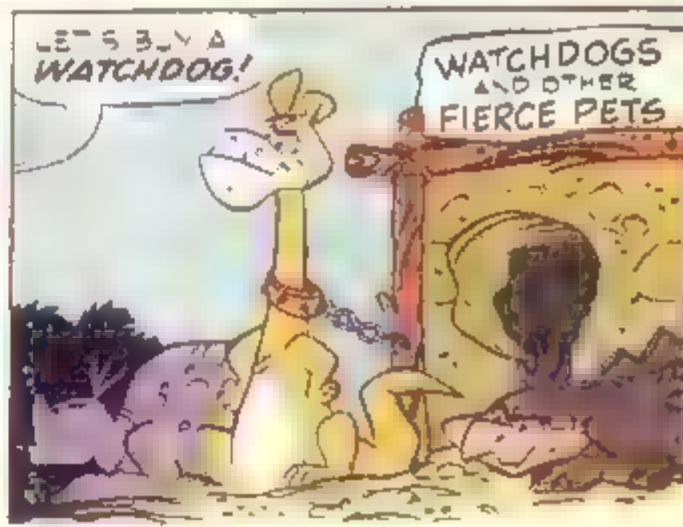
SO NO MATTER WHAT WE PICK ON
THE MENU, WE HAVE TO PAY
DEARLY FOR EVERY MOUTHFUL.

WIGHT AS WELL
GET STOCKED UP
A BIT NOW.



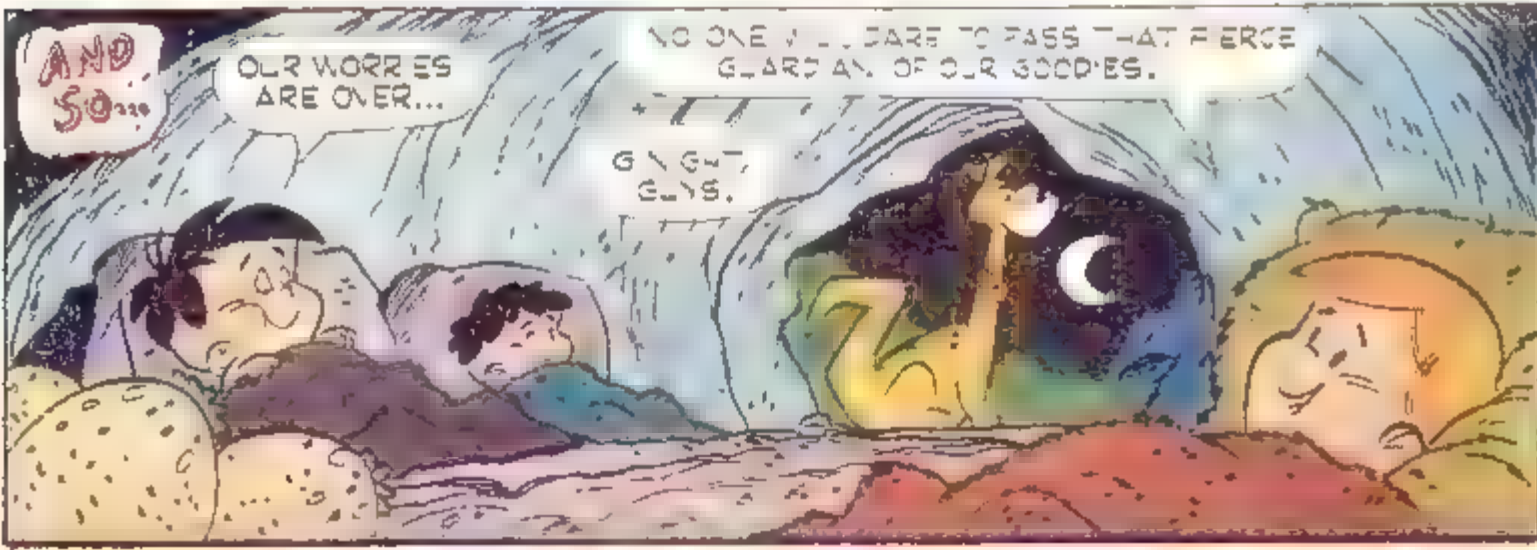
SAY WHAT IF THE WOLFGH
MENACE MUNCHES OUR MELONS
AGAIN TONIGHT?

MMM
THERE'S
AN IDEA.



LET'S BUY A
WATCHDOG!

WATCHDOGS
AND OTHER
FIERCE PETS

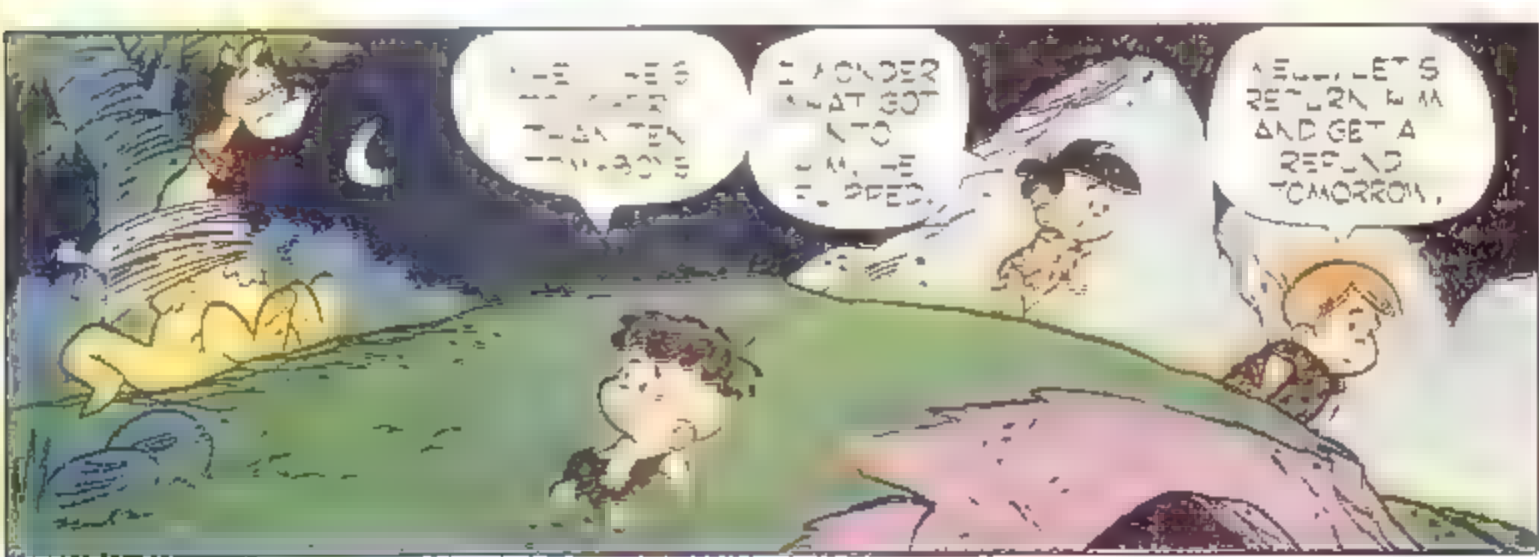
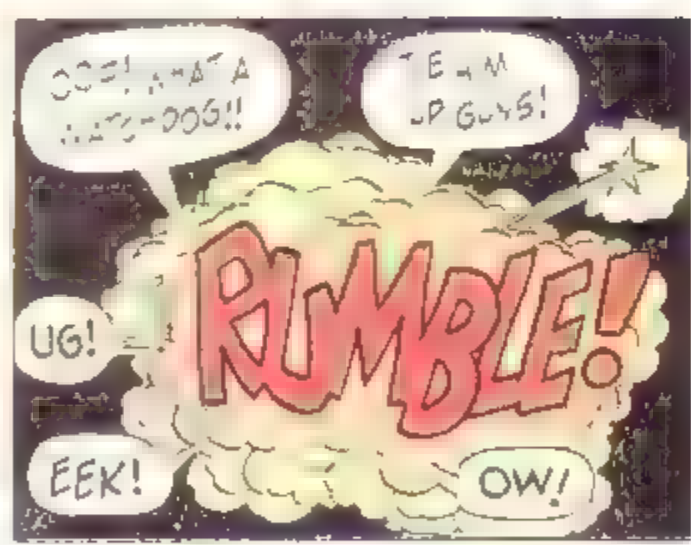
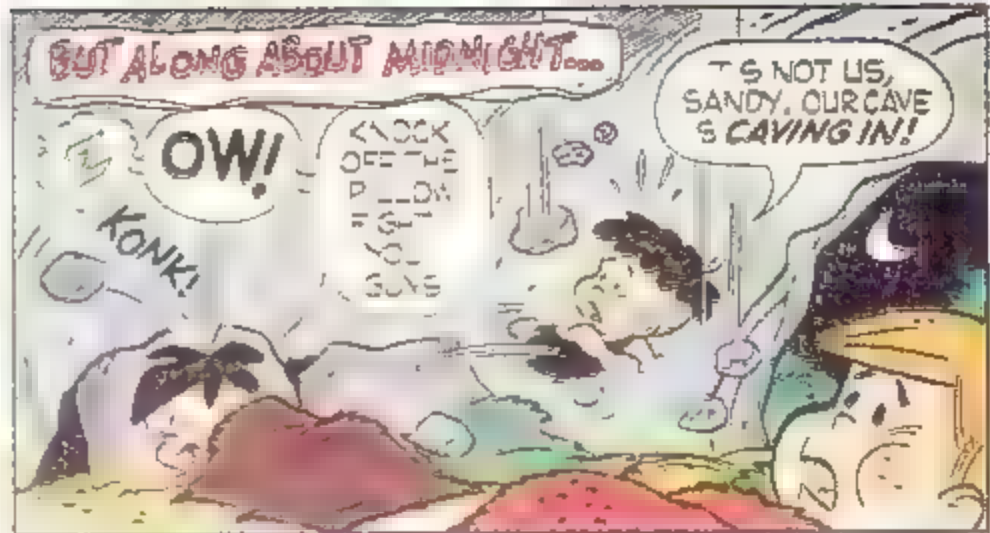
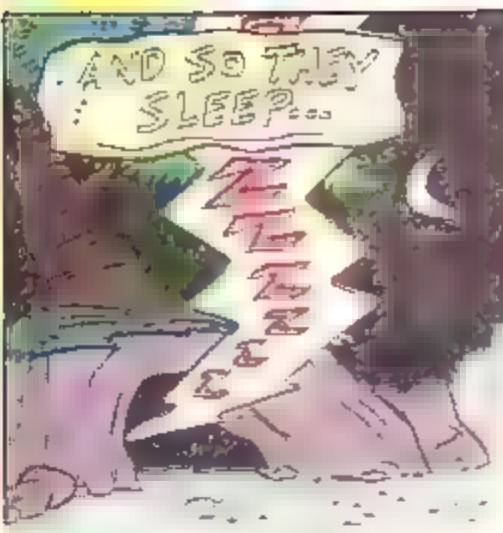


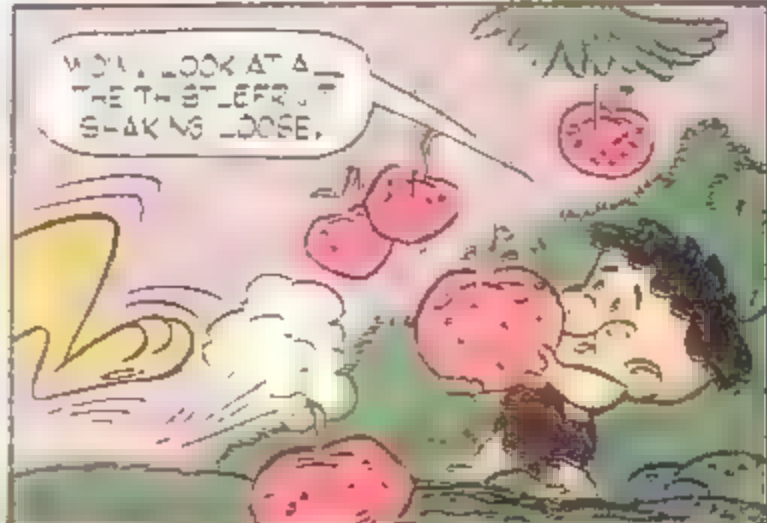
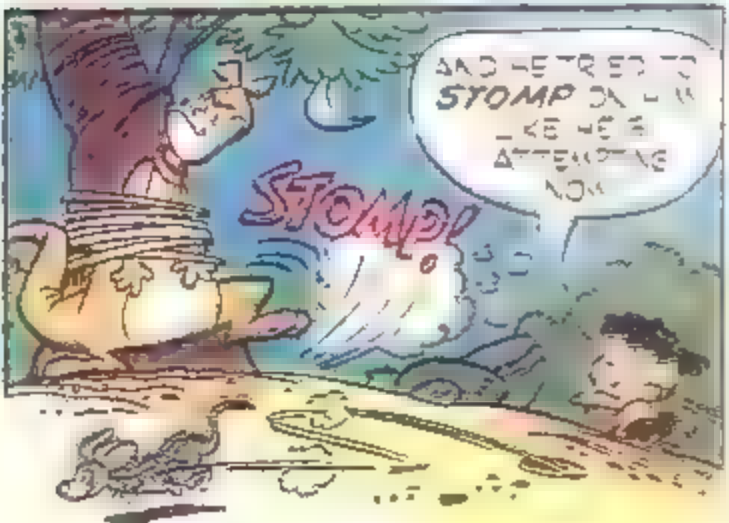
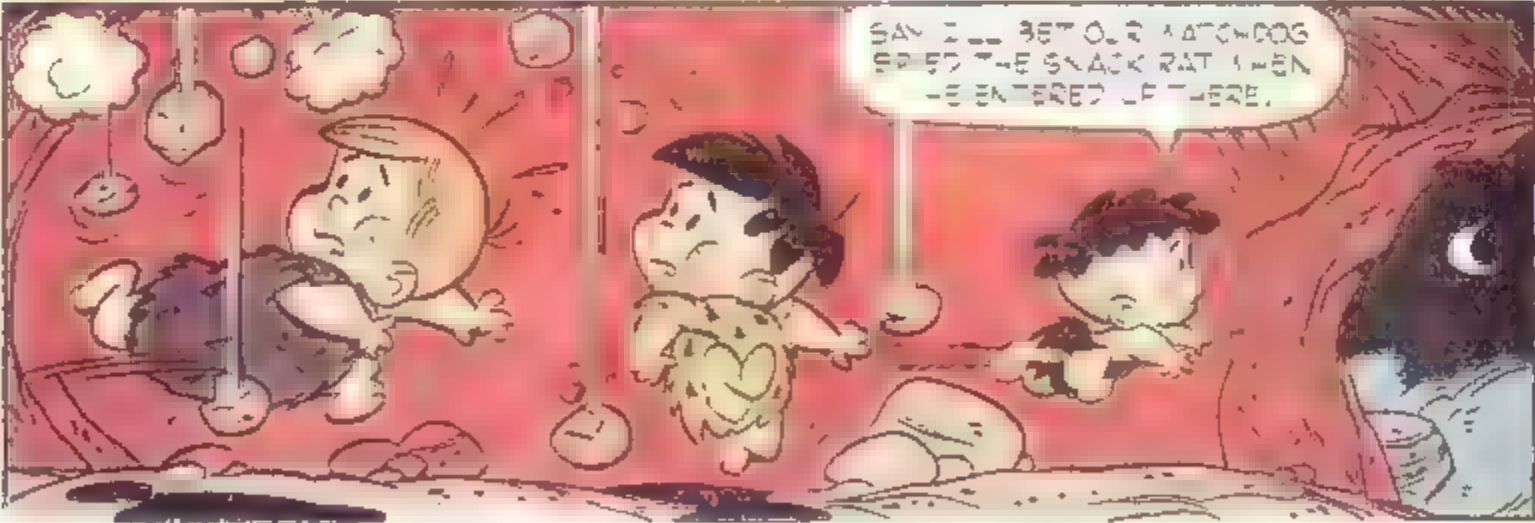
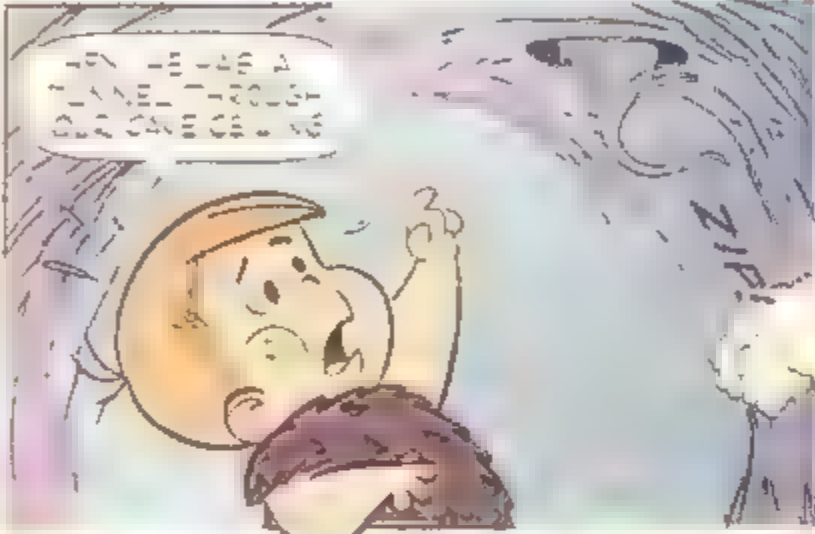
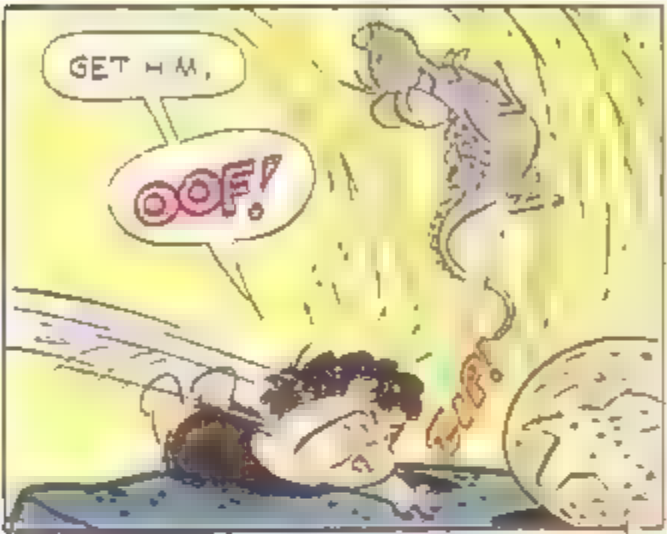
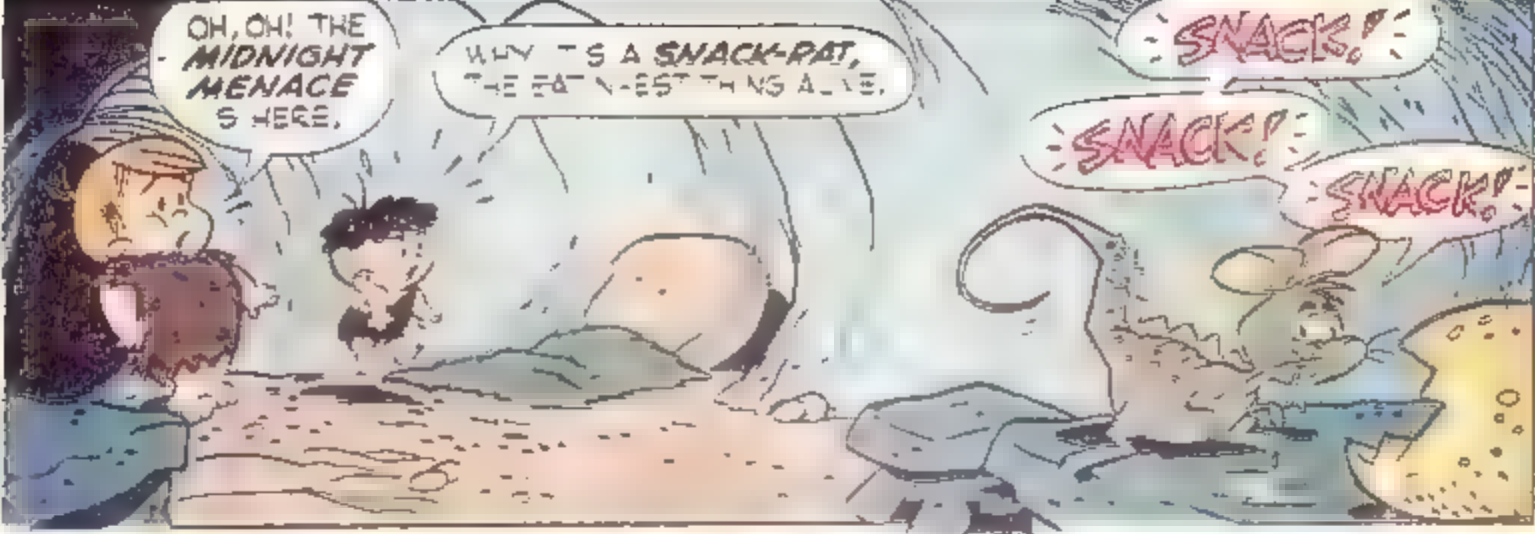
AND
SO...

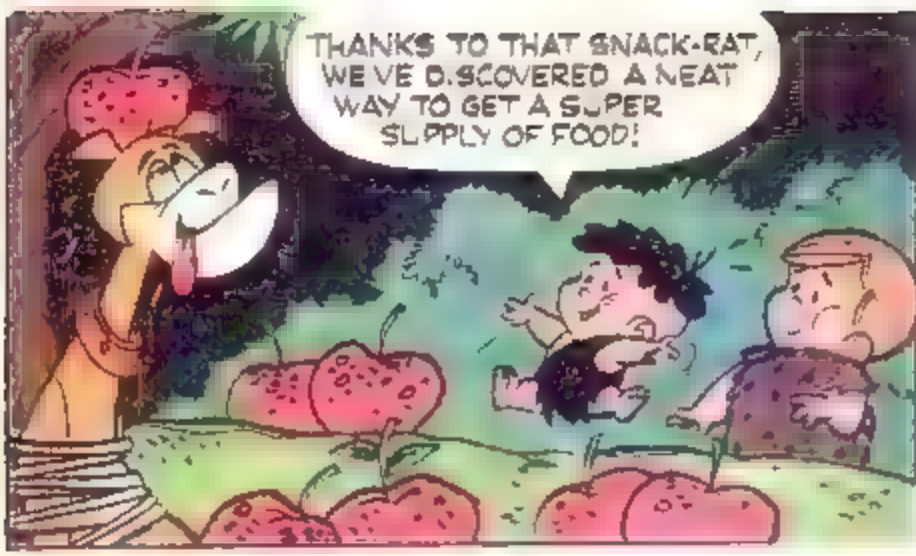
OUR WORRIES
ARE OVER...

NO ONE WILL DARE TO PASS THAT FIERCE
GUARD AN OF OUR GOODIES.

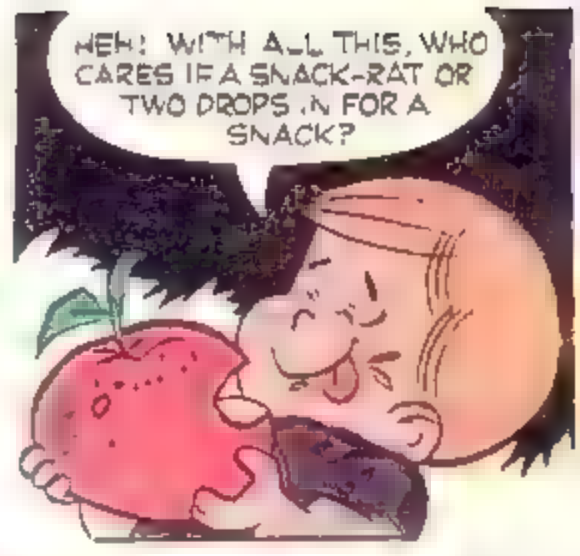
G'NIGHT,
GUYS.



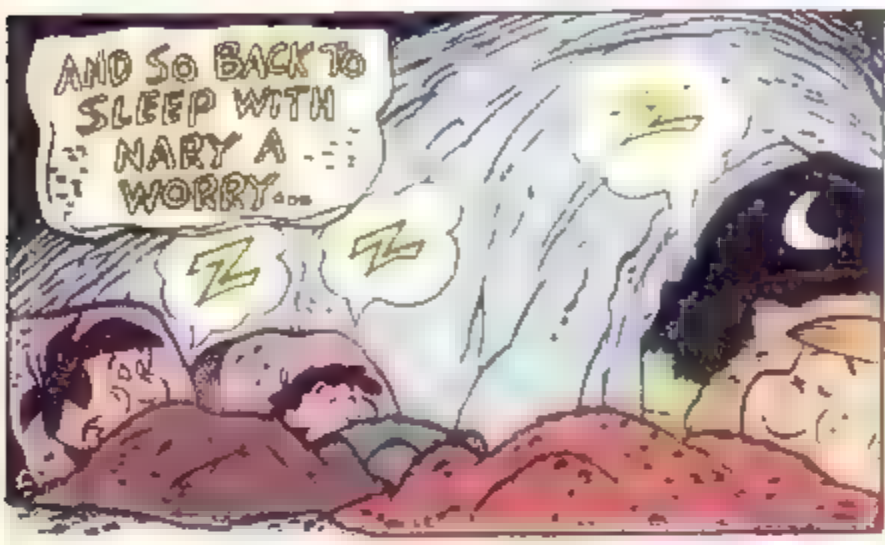




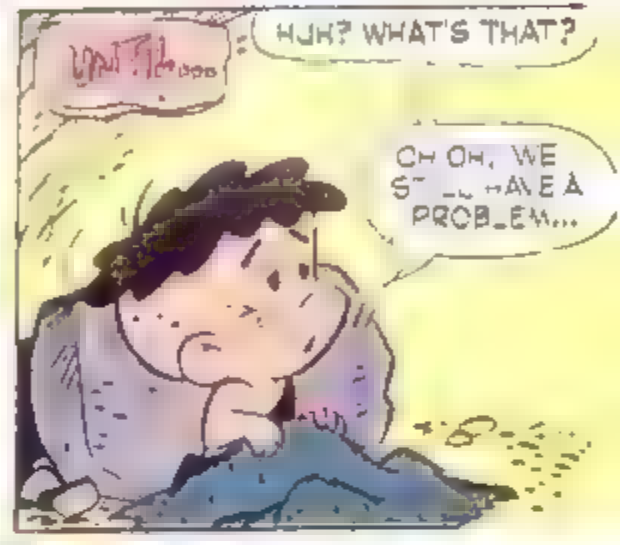
THANKS TO THAT SNACK-RAT,
WE'VE DISCOVERED A NEAT
WAY TO GET A SUPER
SUPPLY OF FOOD!



HEH! WITH ALL THIS, WHO
CARES IF A SNACK-RAT OR
TWO DROPS IN FOR A
SNACK?

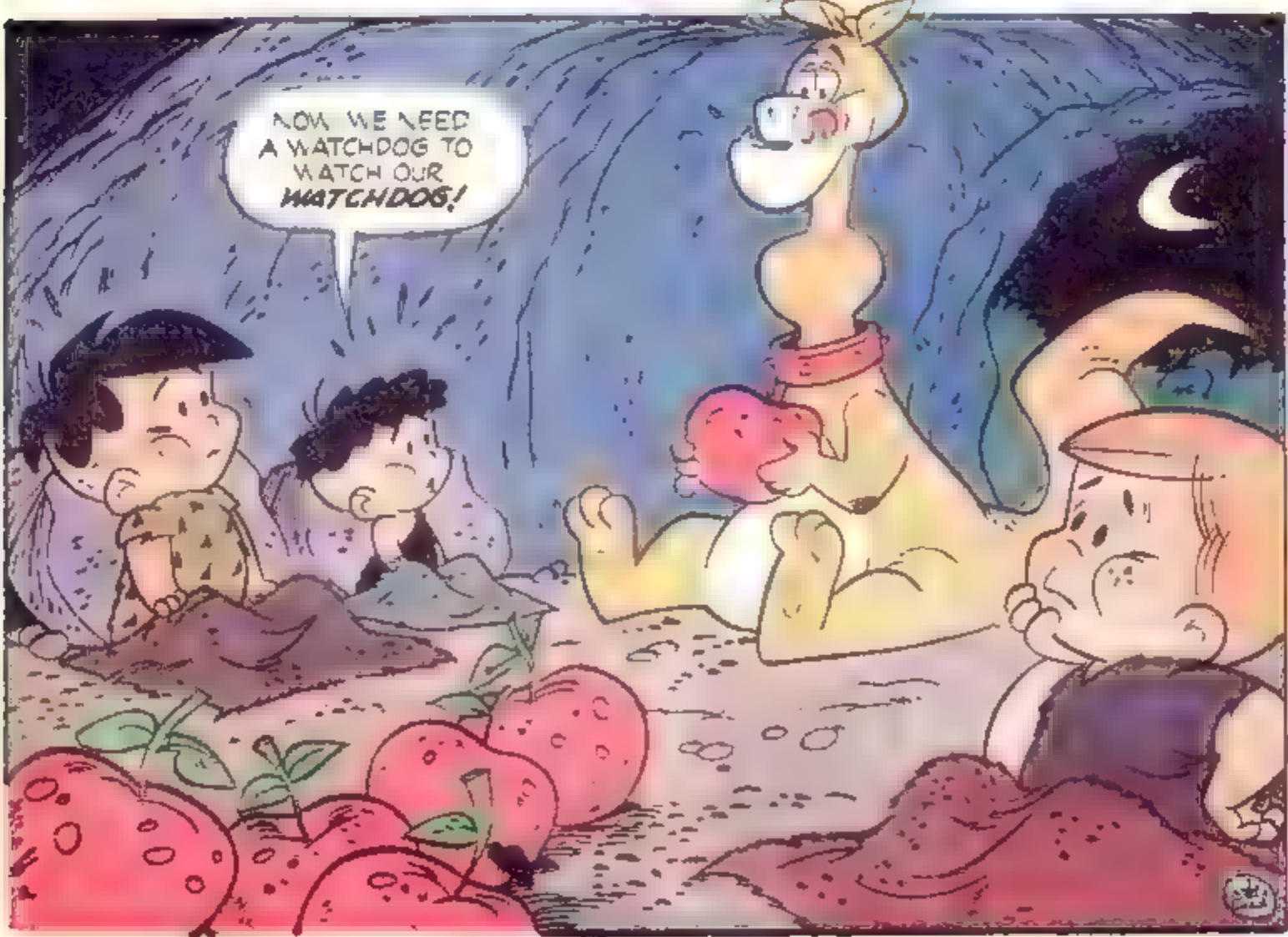


AND SO BACK TO
SLEEP WITH
NARY A
WORRY...



HJK? WHAT'S THAT?

OH OH, WE
STILL HAVE A
PROBLEM...



NOW WE NEED
A WATCHDOG TO
WATCH OUR
WATCHDOGS!

The BUNDLE BUNGLE



Augie Doggie tiptoed quietly through the entrance hall of his home and out the front door. Over one shoulder, at the end of a stick, dangled all of his most prized treasures, bundled together in a red bandanna. Augie Doggie was running away from home.

"When I have done something to make dear Dad proud of me, I will come back," he promised himself.

Doggie Daddy was sitting in his favorite chair in the living room. Over the top of his newspaper, he saw Augie, and he knew the meaning of the bundle tied to the stick.

"My son is leaving me because he isn't proud of me," Doggie Daddy thought sadly. "I should have tried to be more important."

Doggie Daddy laid aside his newspaper. After waiting a moment, to give Augie a head start, he followed him.

"I won't let Augie know that I'm watching over him," Doggie Daddy told himself, "but I must be nearby to keep my venturesome son from falling into danger."

Augie walked down the street toward the center of town. Though his steps were fast and light, his heart was heavy. He was wondering how long it would take to do something that would make his father proud of him, so that he could go home again.

Soon, they were in the center of the hustle and bustle of downtown traffic.

"What a good thing I followed my boy," Doggie Daddy decided. "This is no place for a little tyke, all alone."

Augie, however, seemed not at all frightened, and he continued firmly on his way. He passed a jewelry store without even pausing to admire the glittering display in the window. Suddenly, a masked man, with a gun

in one hand, rushed out of the jewelry store and ran up the street, in the same direction that Augie was going.

Behind them, Doggie Daddy sensed danger, and he started to run, too.

"I must protect my boy," he told himself.

Augie Doggie was unaware of the bandit behind him. He was only conscious of the bundle across his shoulder. It was getting so much heavier as he grew more tired.

"Maybe," thought Augie, "if I drag this bundle awhile, it won't seem so heavy."

So, Augie let the bundle slip from his shoulder and trail behind him.

At the same time, the masked man overtook Augie. But as he stepped around the boy, he felt himself sprawling forward onto the sidewalk, Augie's bundle between his feet.

It all happened too fast for Doggie Daddy to stop his headlong rush. Before he could check himself, he was sprawled on top of the fallen gunman.

By this time, a policeman, too, had been chasing the bandit. When he caught up, he found Doggie Daddy on top of the man and Augie holding the gun which had been jarred out of the man's hand by his fall.

The thanks of the policeman, as he led the bandit away to jail, were nothing compared to the praises Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy had for each other.

"I'm proud of you, my brave son," said Doggie Daddy. "Tripping that man with your bundle was very clever."

"Not as brave as your pinning him to the ground with your own great strength, Dad of Dads," replied Augie. "I am so proud of you, precious Pop."

So, hand in hand, Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy happily walked toward home, their eyes shining with mutual admiration!



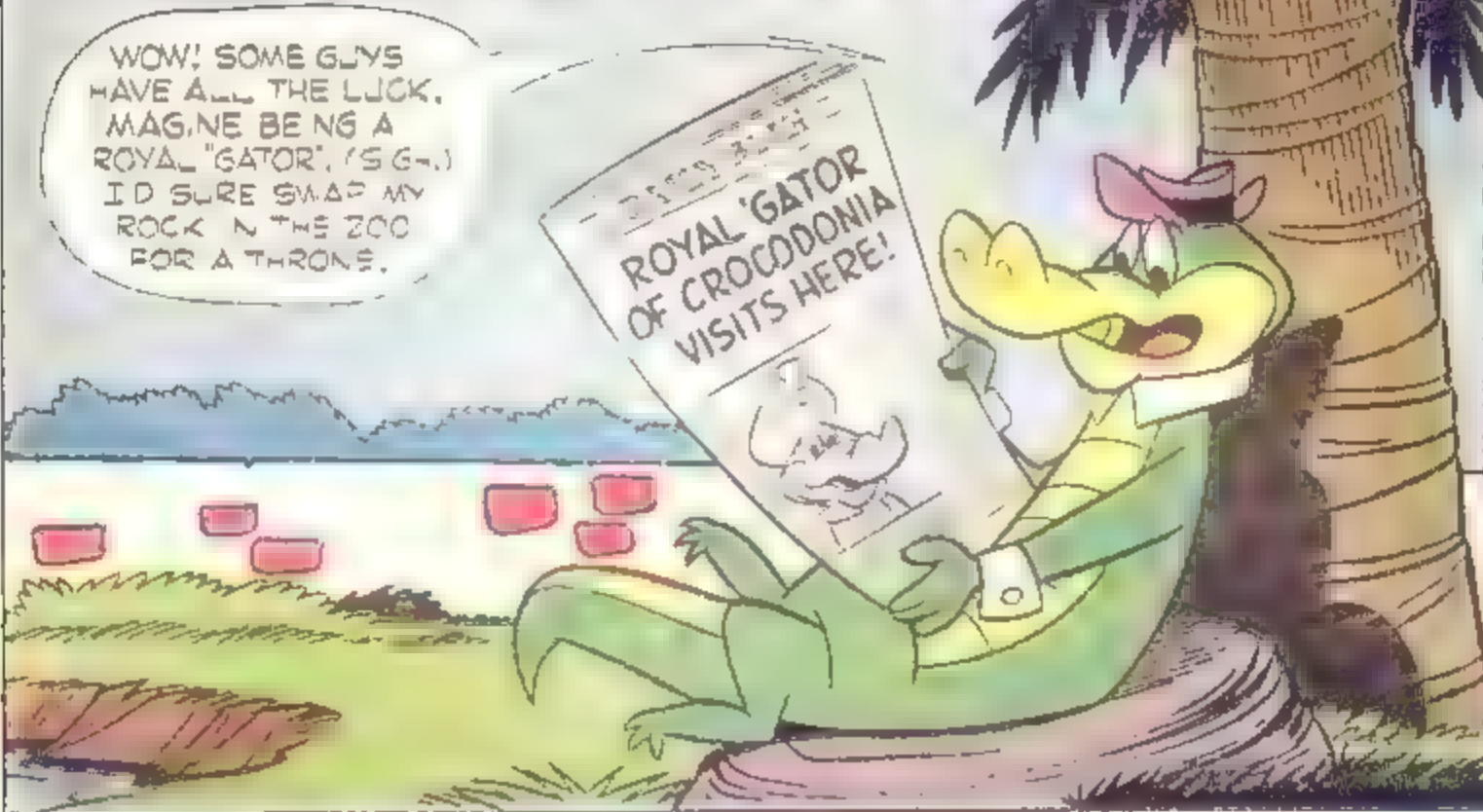
Hanna-Barbera

WALLY GATOR

The ROYAL RUNAROUND

WOW! SOME GUYS
HAVE ALL THE LUCK.
MAGINE BE NG A
ROYAL "GATOR". (S G-) I
D SURE SWAP MY
ROCK N THE ZOO
FOR A THRONE.

ROYAL 'GATOR'
OF CROCODDONIA
VISITS HERE!



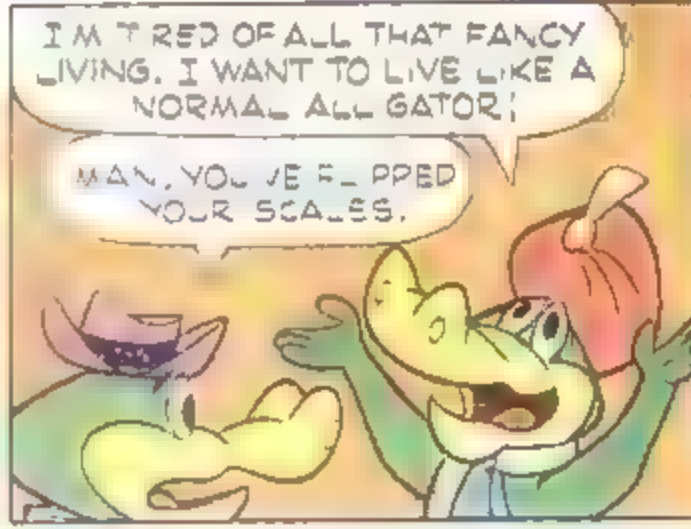
GOOD, BECAUSE I WAS
JUST ABOUT TO MAKE YOU
THAT OFFER. I'M
A... GATOR.

HEY,
THE ONE
I WAS JUST
READING
ABOUT,



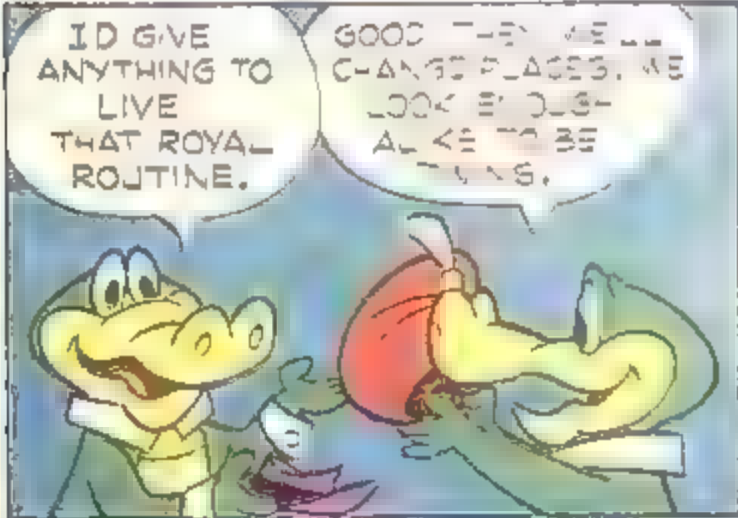
I'M T' RED OF ALL THAT FANCY
LIVING. I WANT TO LIVE LIKE A
NORMAL ALL GATOR!

MAN, YOU'VE FLIPPED
YOUR SCALES.

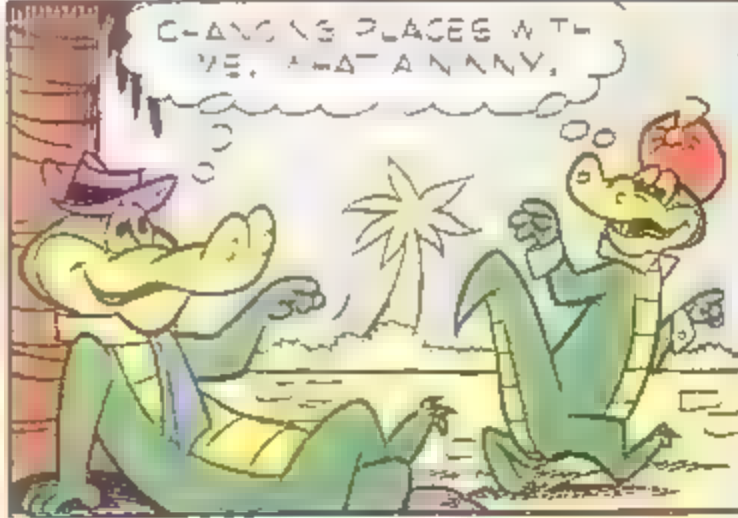


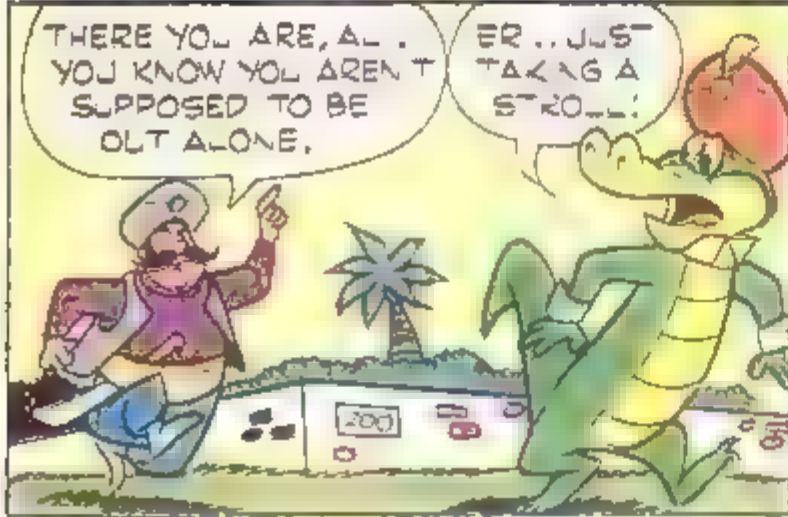
I'D GIVE
ANYTHING TO
LIVE
THAT ROYAL
ROUTINE.

GOOD THEN WE'LL
CHANGE PLACES. WE
LOOK E' DUG-
AL KE TO BE
GATORS.



CHANGING PLACES WITH
ME, THAT A NANNY,





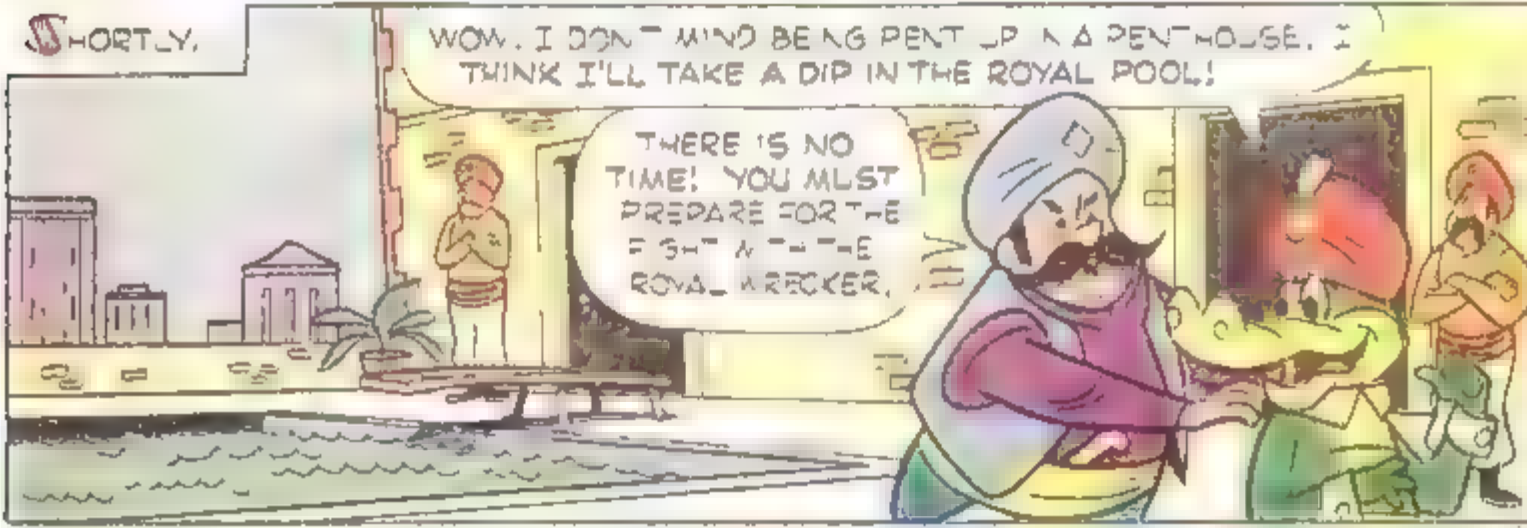
THERE YOU ARE, AL... YOU KNOW YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE OUT ALONE.

ER... JUST TAKING A STROLL!



YOU SHOULD BE RESTING.

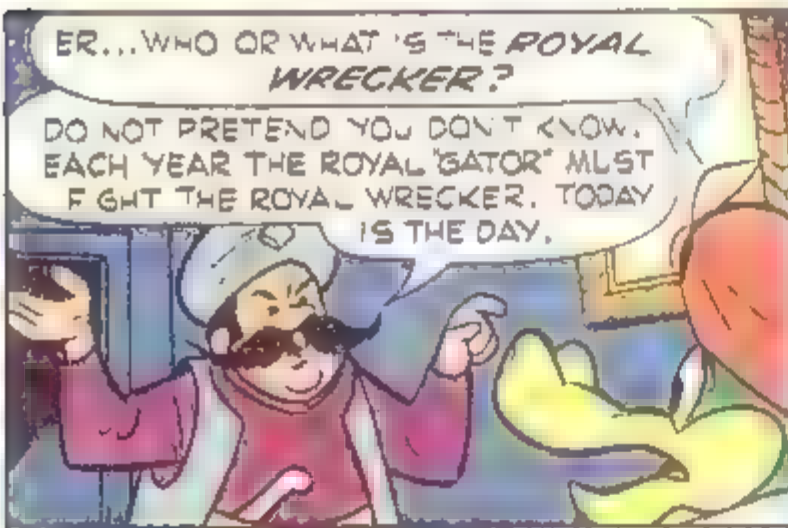
AHH! THIS IS WHAT I LIKE! THE ROYAL TREATMENT, EVERYBODY CONCERNED ABOUT ME!



SHORTLY,

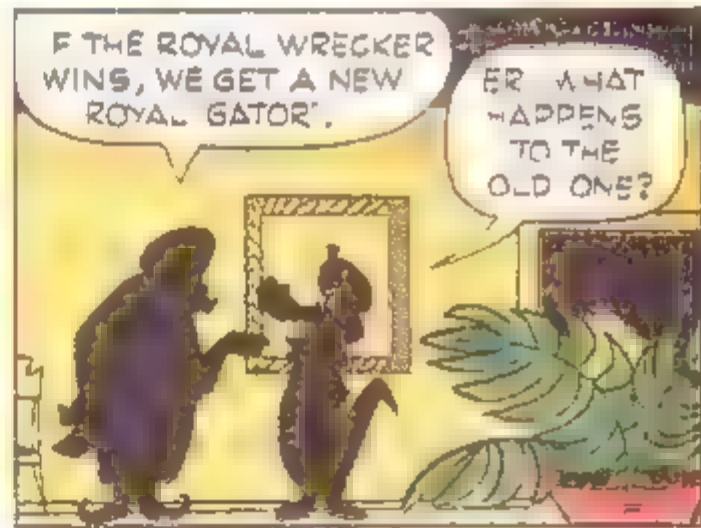
WOW. I DON'T MIND BEING PENT UP IN A PENTHOUSE. I THINK I'LL TAKE A DIP IN THE ROYAL POOL!

THERE IS NO TIME! YOU MUST PREPARE FOR THE FIGHT WITH THE ROYAL WRECKER.



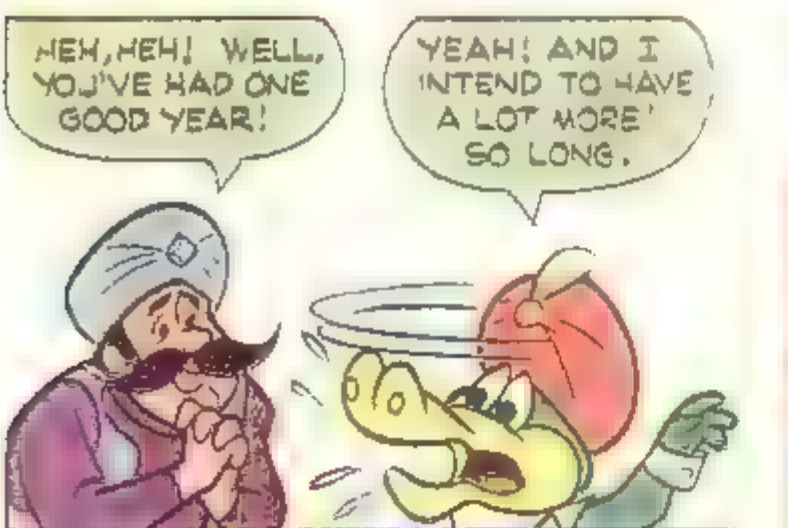
ER... WHO OR WHAT IS THE ROYAL WRECKER?

DO NOT PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW. EACH YEAR THE ROYAL GATOR MUST FIGHT THE ROYAL WRECKER. TODAY IS THE DAY.



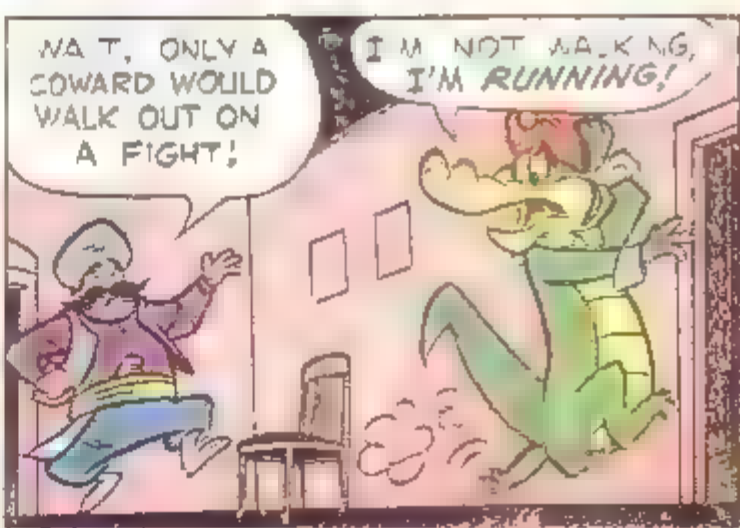
IF THE ROYAL WRECKER WINS, WE GET A NEW ROYAL GATOR.

ER WHAT HAPPENS TO THE OLD ONE?



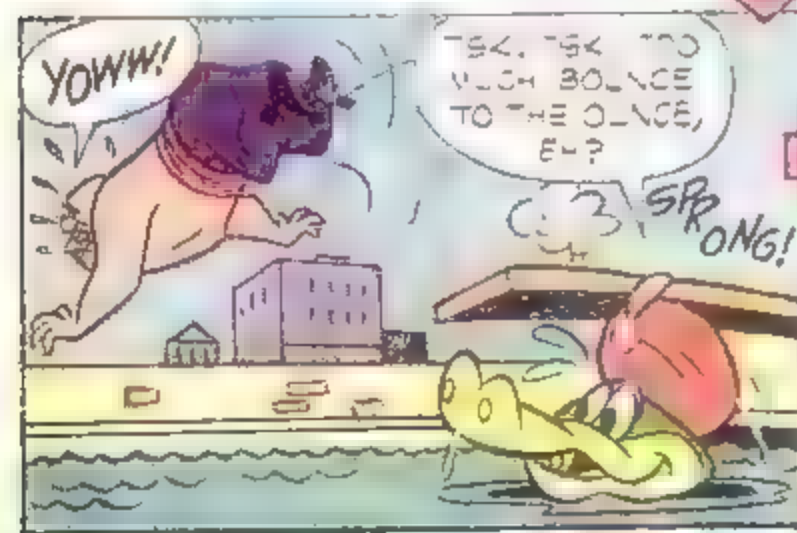
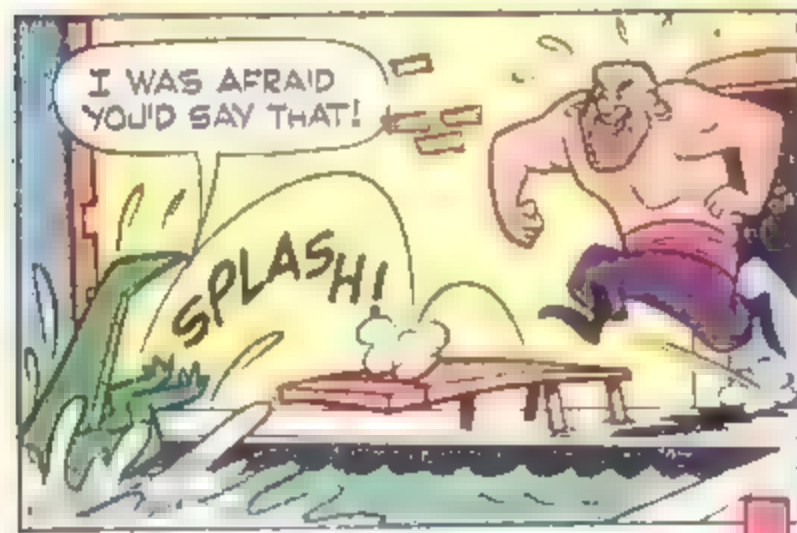
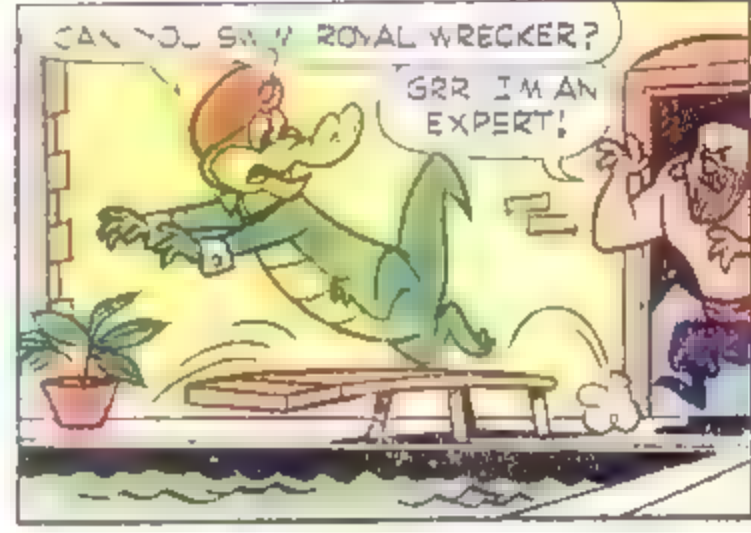
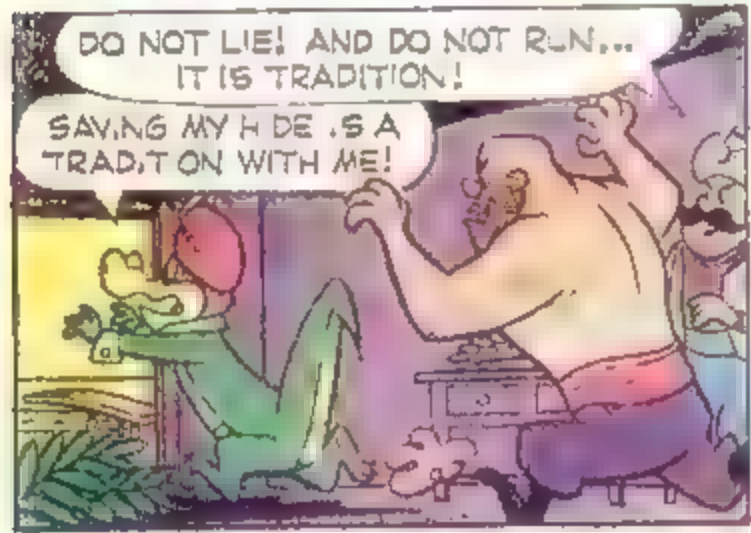
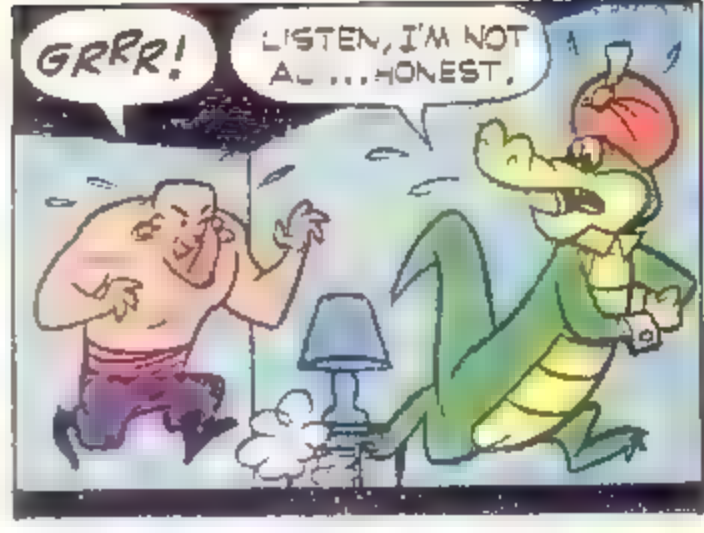
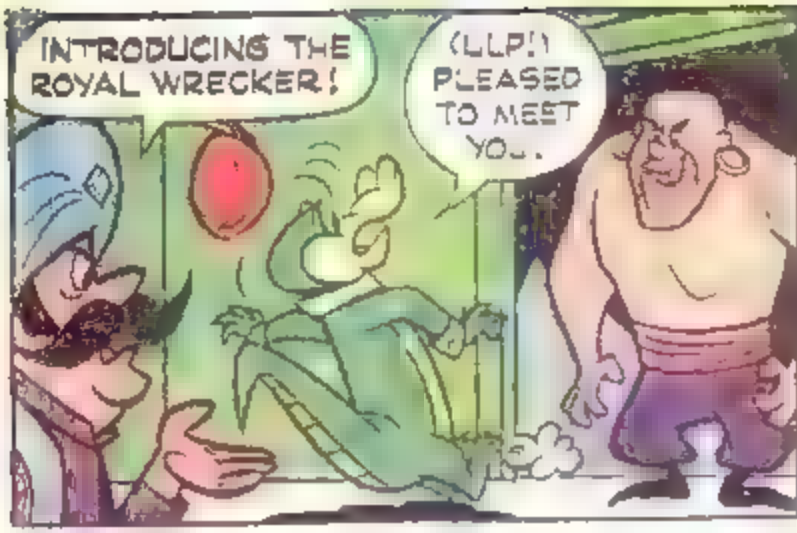
HEH, HEH! WELL, YOU'VE HAD ONE GOOD YEAR!

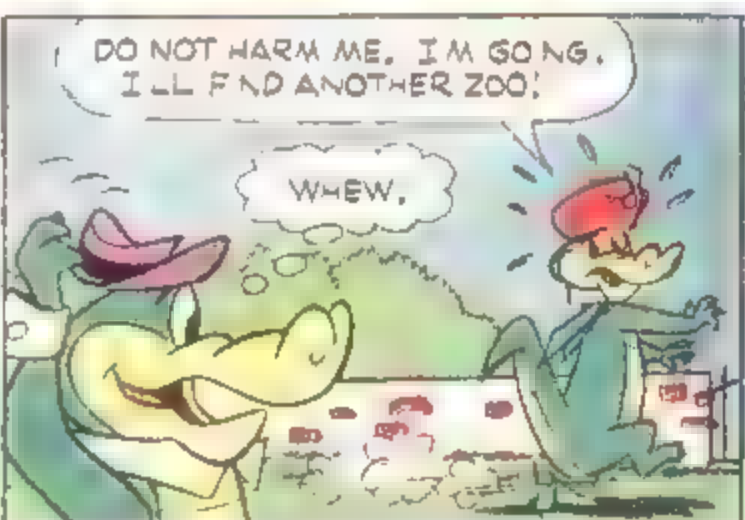
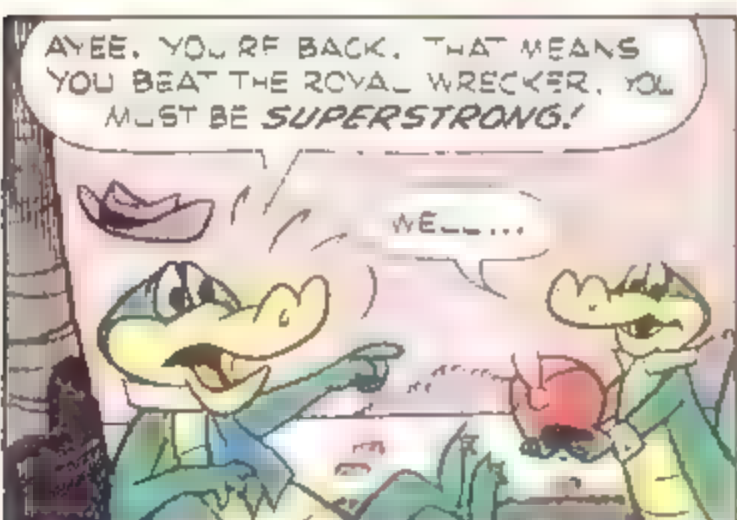
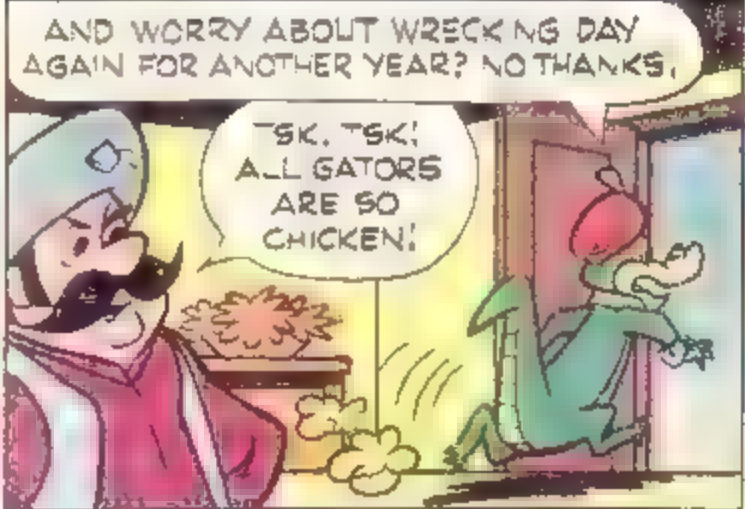
YEAH! AND I INTEND TO HAVE A LOT MORE! SO LONG.




WHAT, ONLY A COWARD WOULD WALK OUT ON A FIGHT!

I'M NOT WALKING, I'M RUNNING!





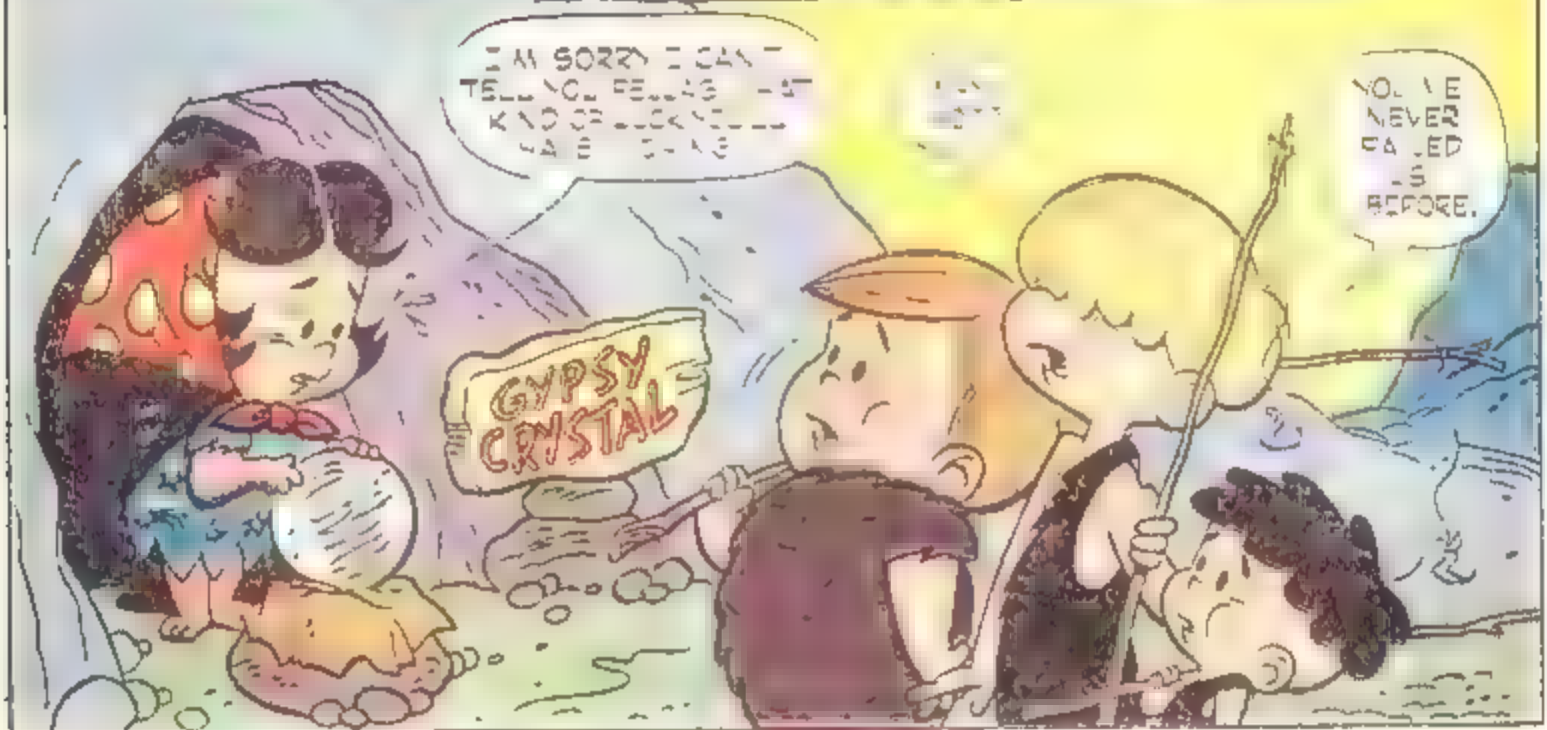
MORAL:
IF YOU'RE
AN ALLIGATOR
'N A ZOO,
DON'T LOOK
FOR GREENER
PASTURES...
PASTURES
ARE FOR COWS
AND SHEEP.



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

ALL-BALLED-UP

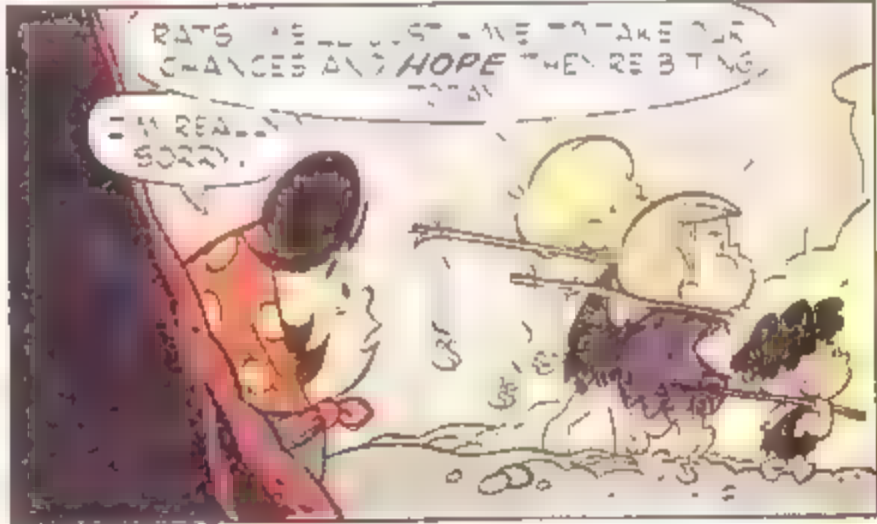


I'M SORRY I CAN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE I'M KIND OF BLIND... I'M SORRY.

YOU'VE NEVER CALLED US BEFORE.



WELL... MY CRYSTAL BALL IS CLOUDY... I CAN'T SEE A THING AT ALL.

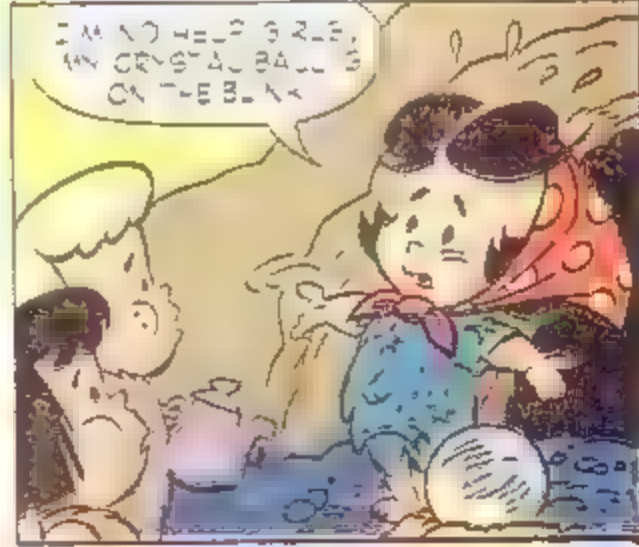


RATS... WE JUST WANE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES AND HOPE THEY'RE BITING.

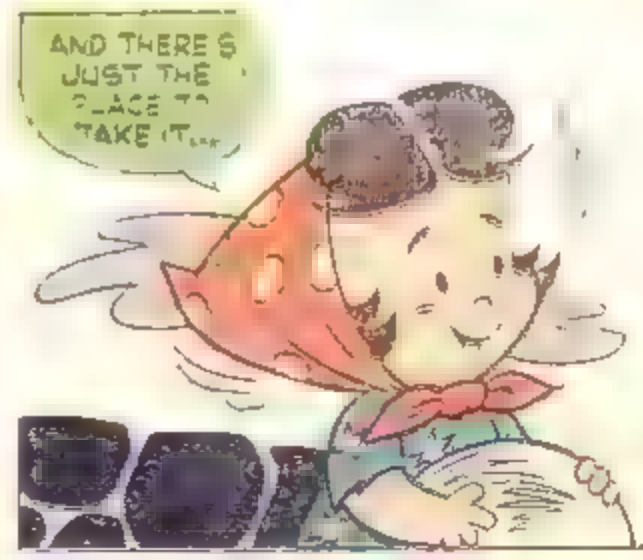
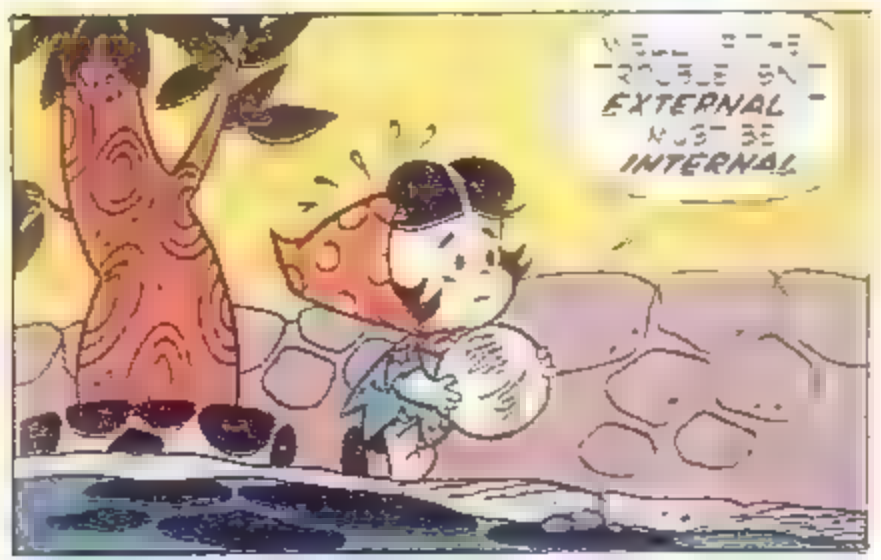
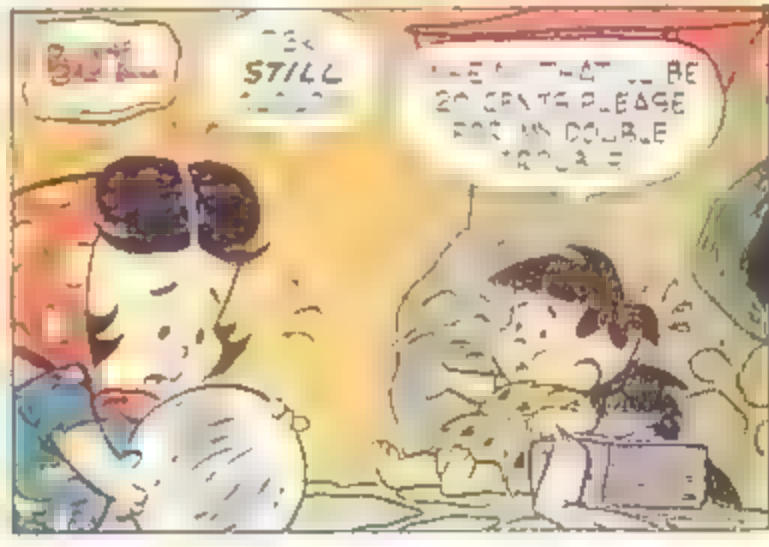
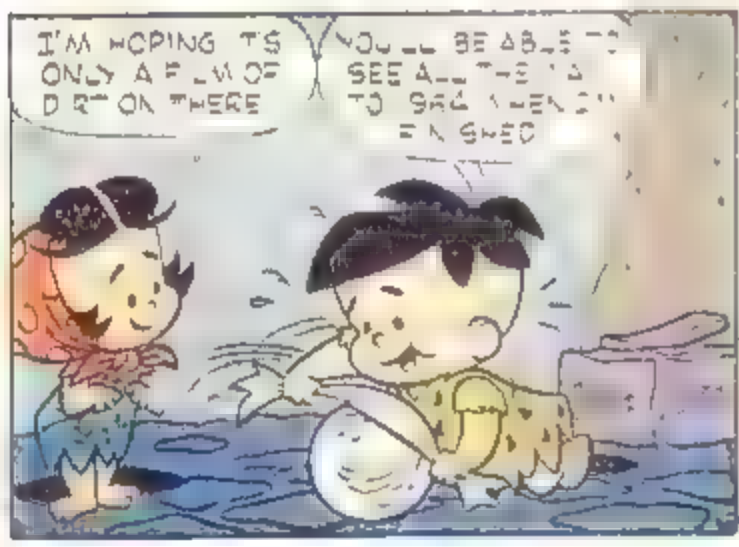
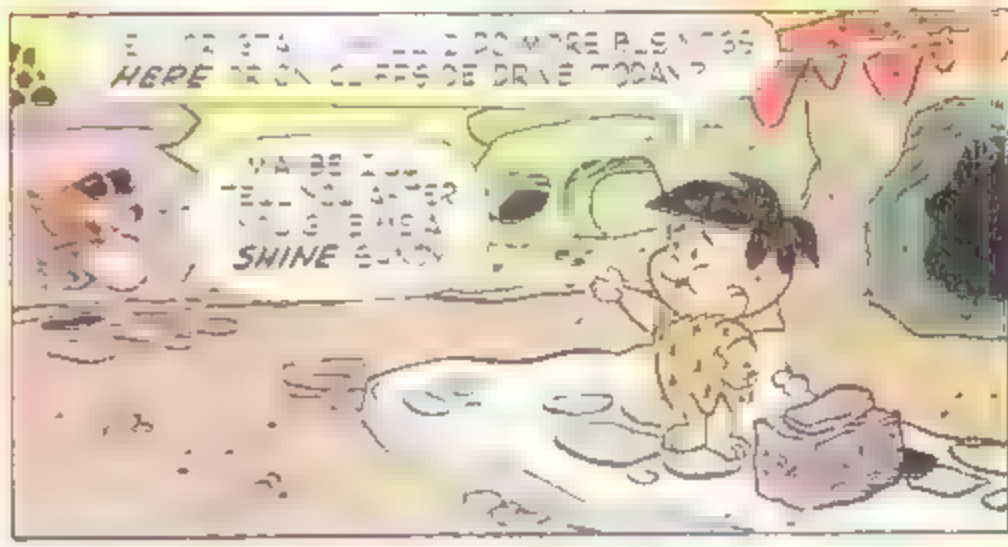
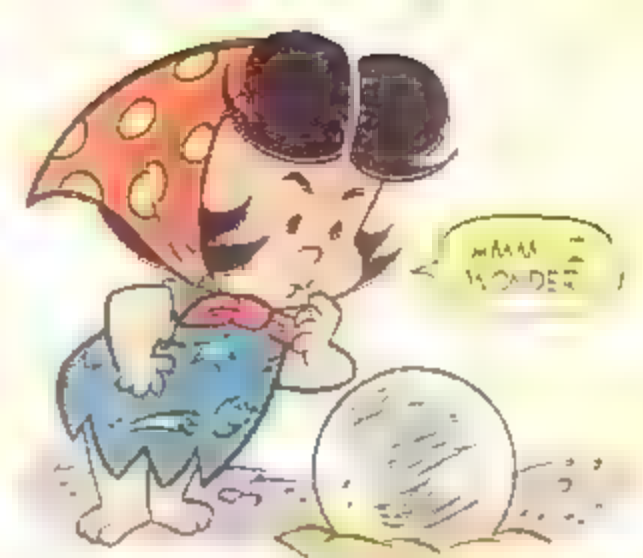
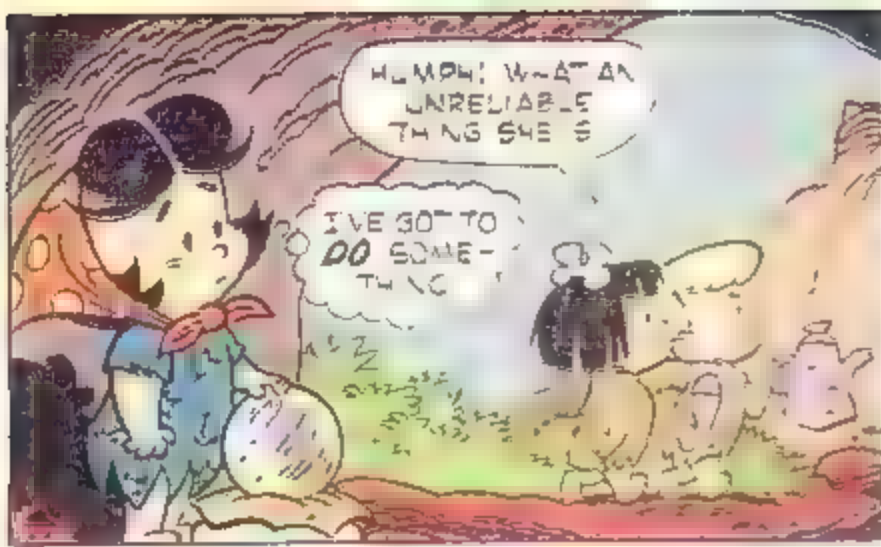
I'M REALLY SORRY.

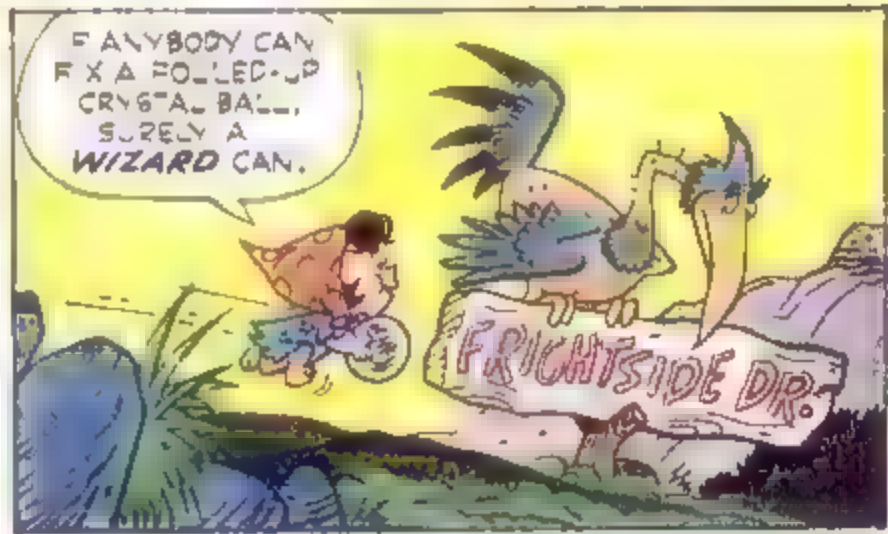
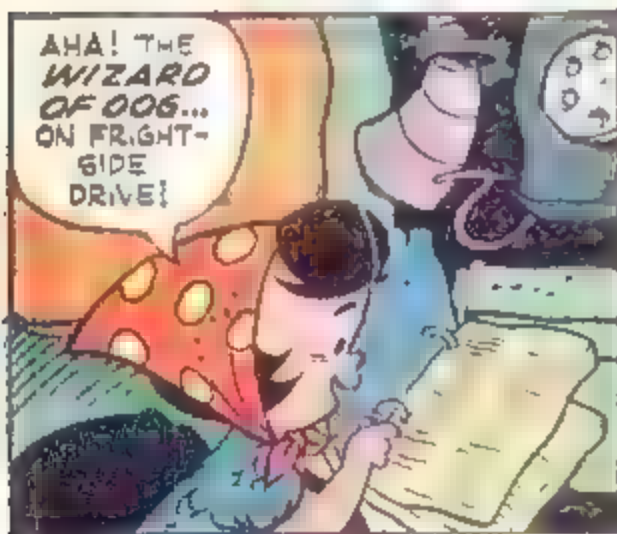
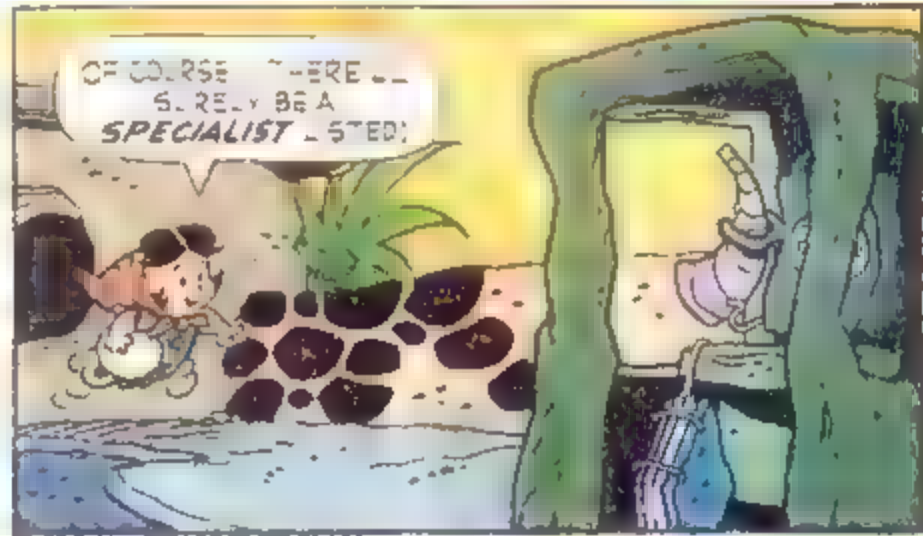
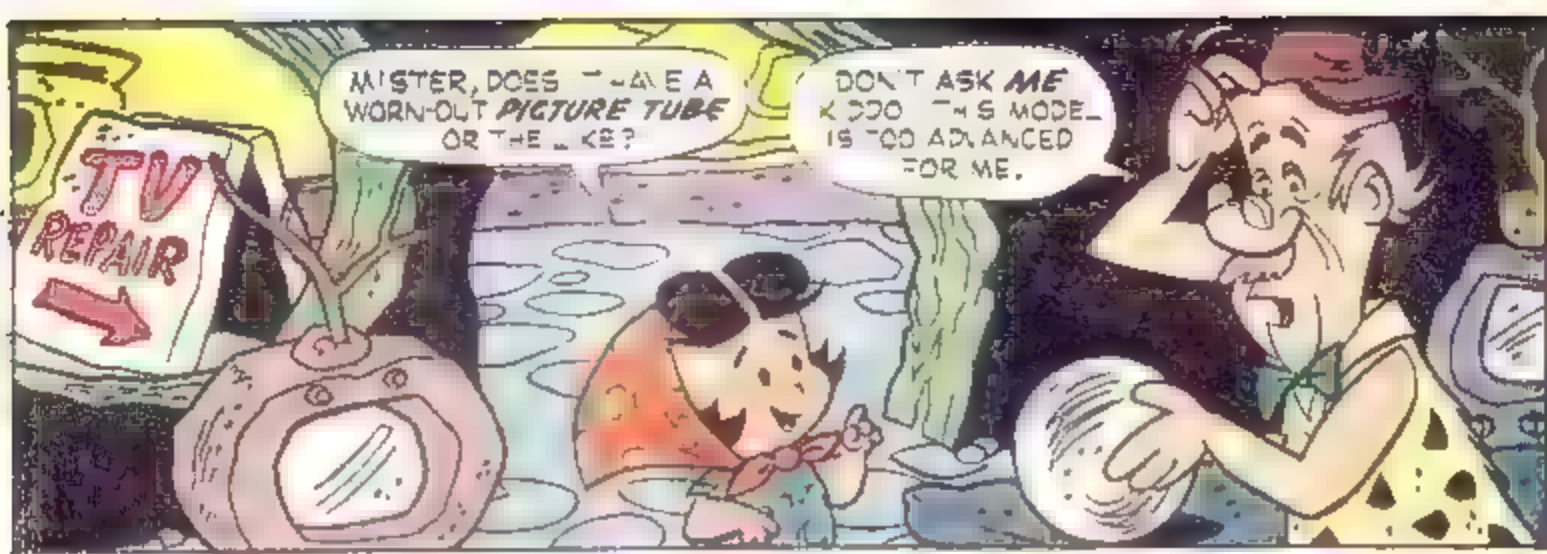


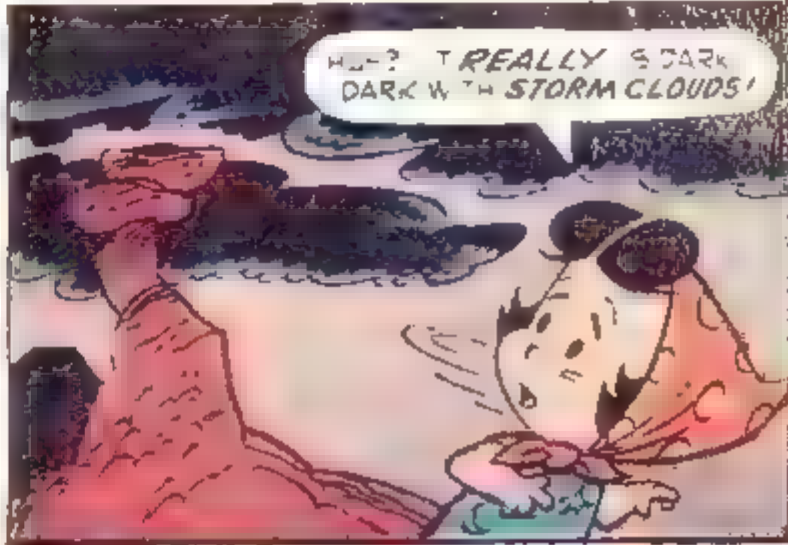
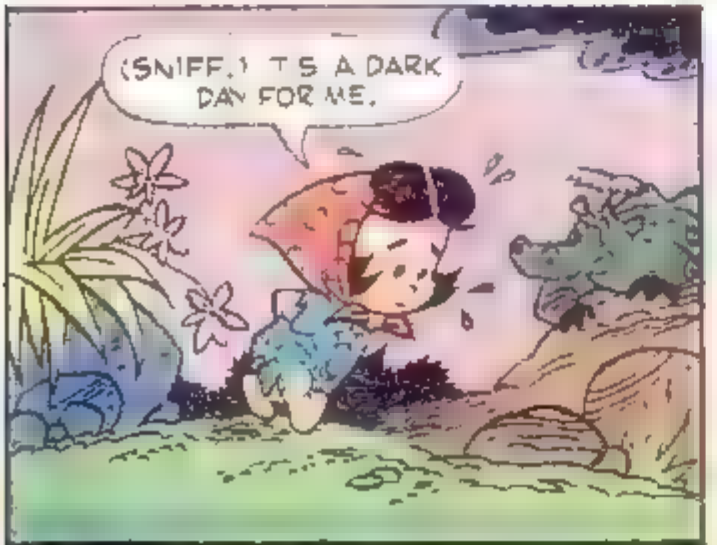
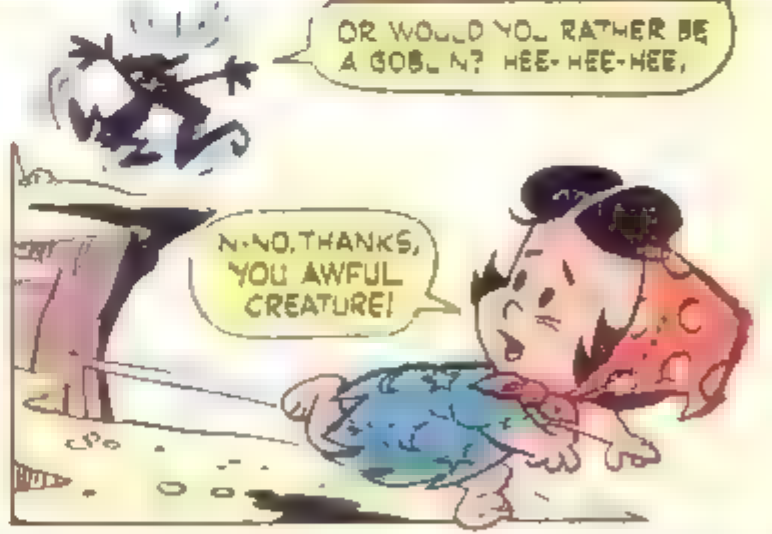
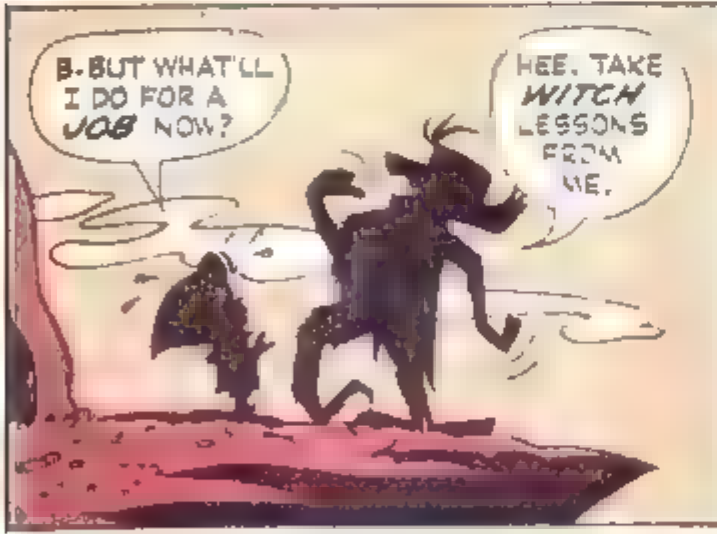
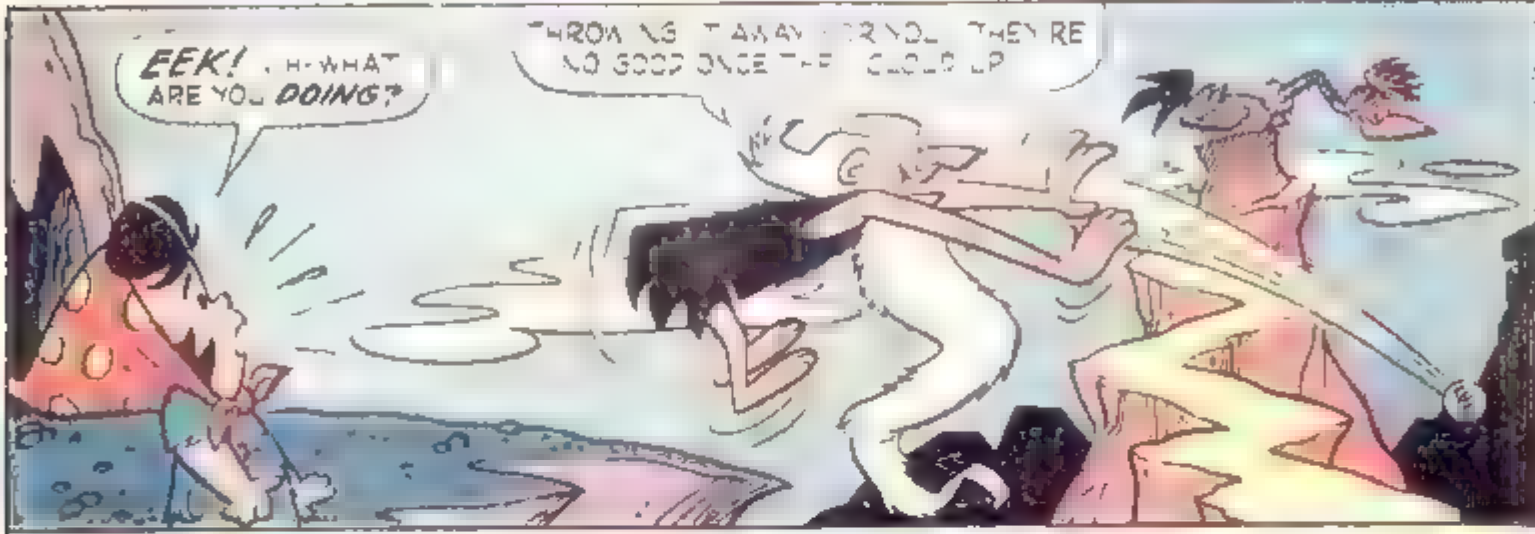
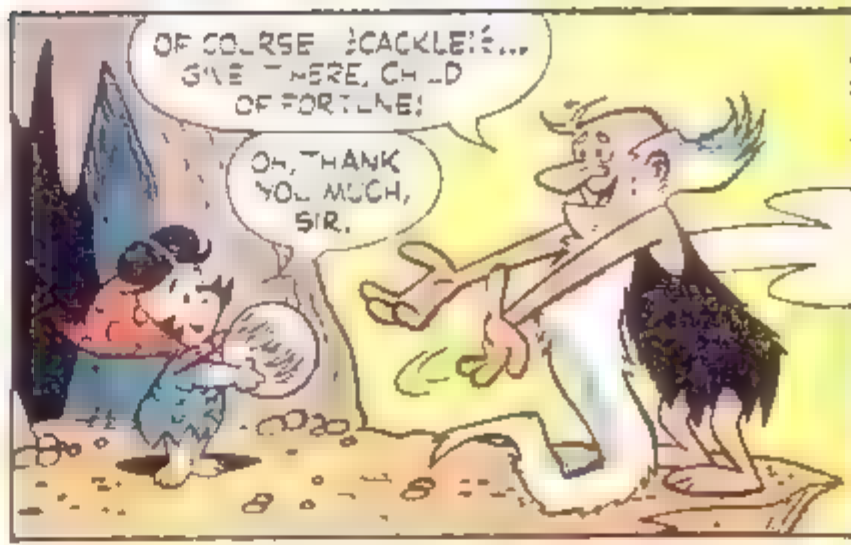
YOO-HOO CRYSTAL, TELLS... WILL OUR TEA PARTY BE A SUCCESS IF WE SERVE HOT SAP INSTEAD OF TEA?

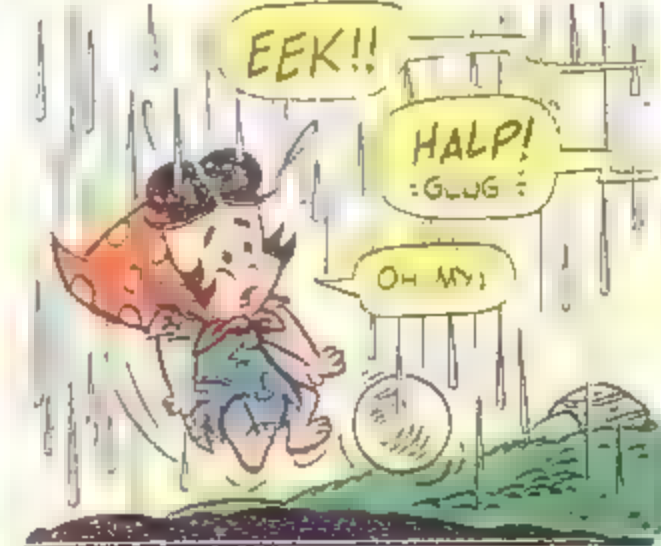
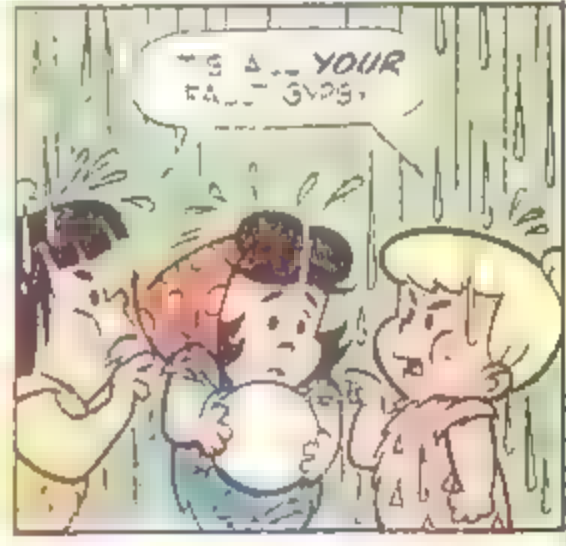
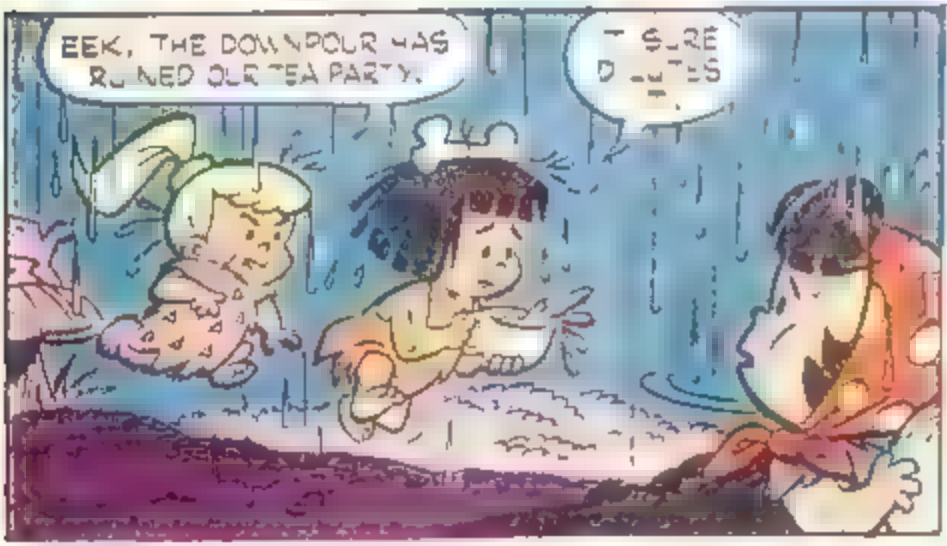
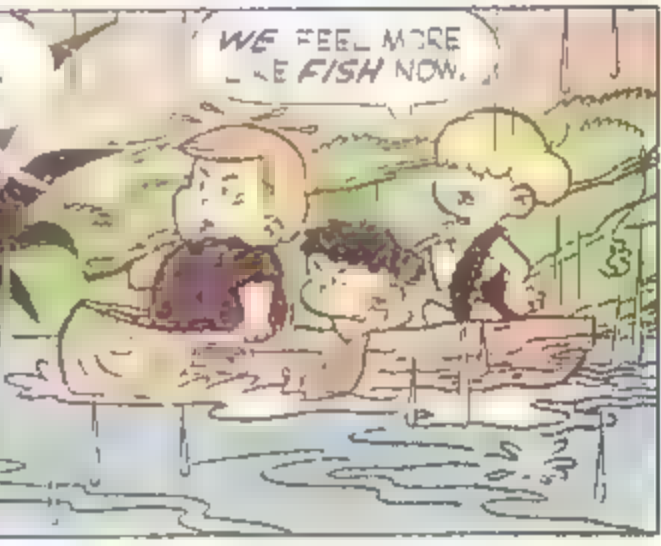
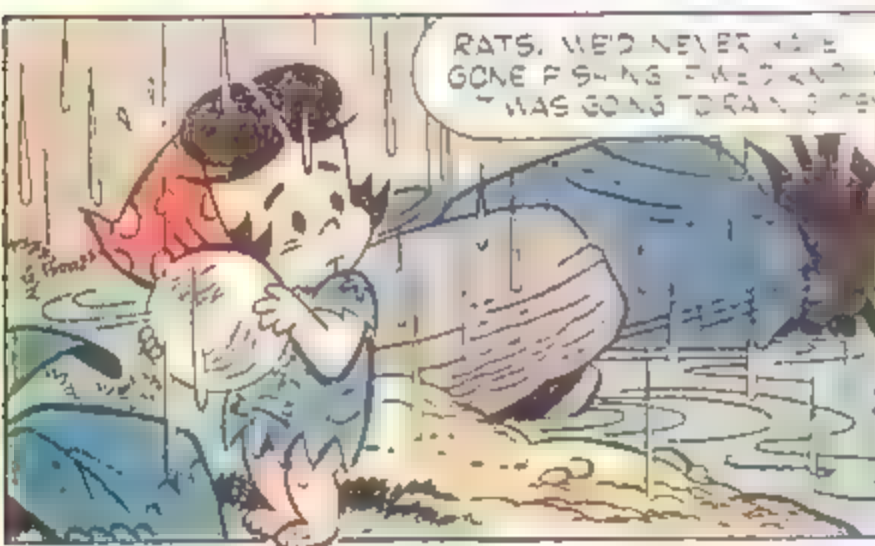
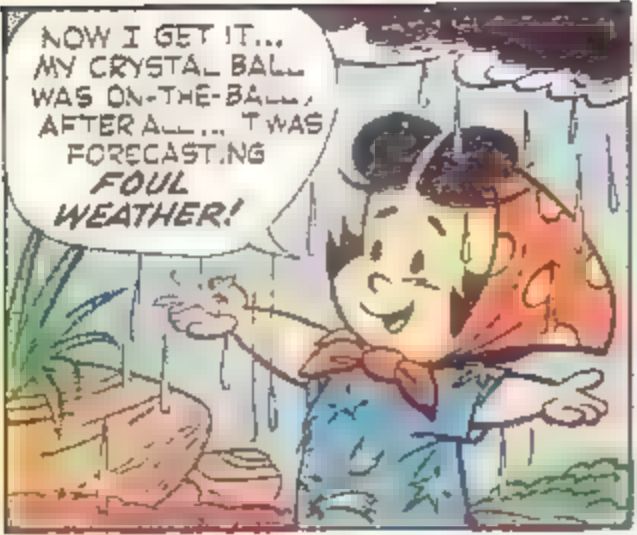


I'M NO HELP GUESS, MY CRYSTAL BALL'S ON THE B.L.A.









SPLUTTER: A RAIN-SMOGGEN UNDERGROUND RIVER'S WASHING US OUT.

QUICK TO MY CAVE TO GET CH AND DRY

CAVE KIDS

YOU CAN ALL STAY HERE TILL THE STORM'S PAST!

GYPSY CRYSTAL

BUT...

SIGH THE HAST MADE THEM LIKE ME ANY BETTER

WHAT A BORE BEING SHUT UP IN THE DARK CAVE ALL DAY.

WE CAN'T SEE TO DO ANYTHING.

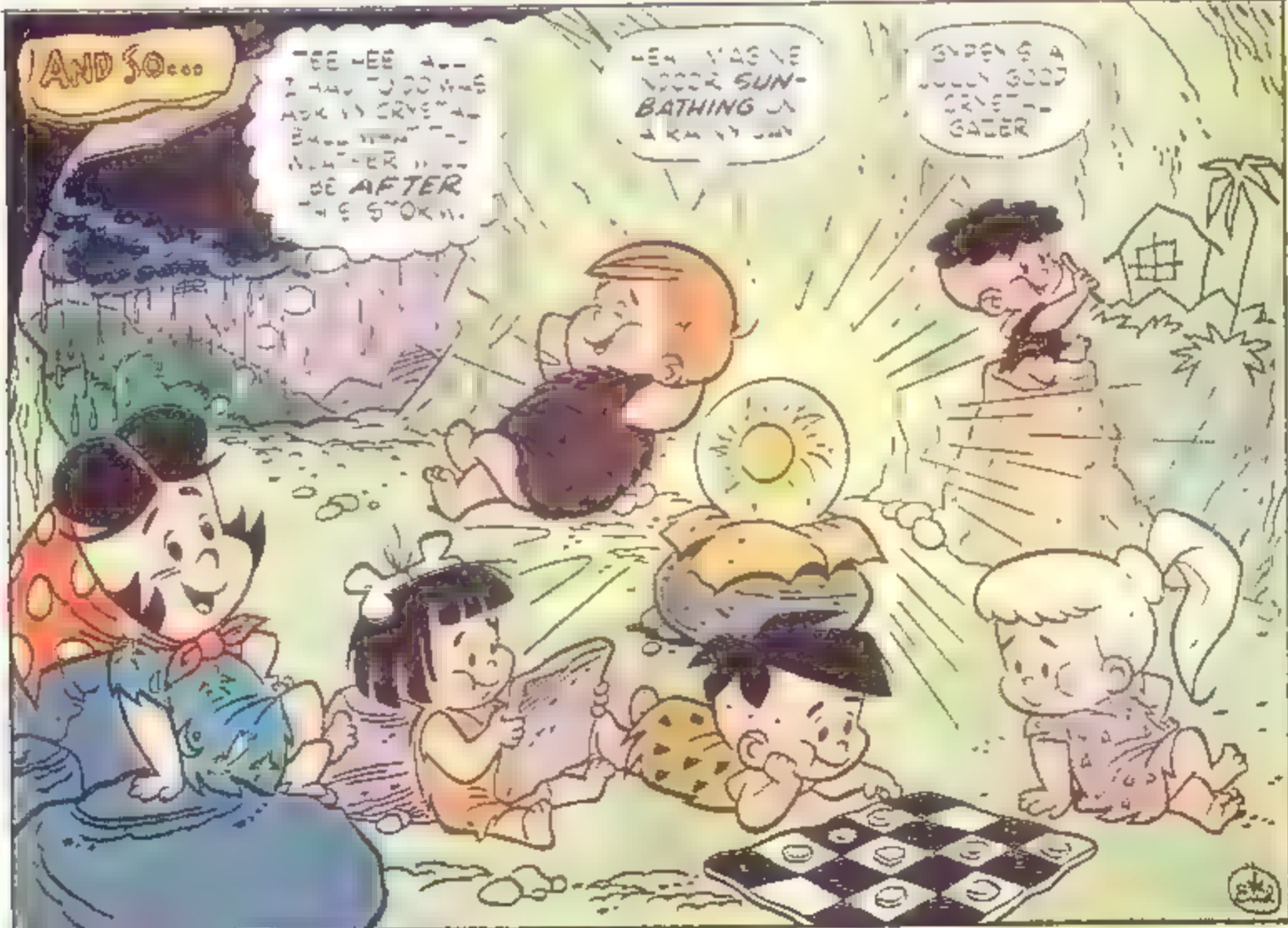
WELL, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE DARKNESS... OR CAN I?

AND SO...

SEE LEE... I'M GOING TO ASK MY CRYS... B... NUMBER... BE AFTER THE STORM.

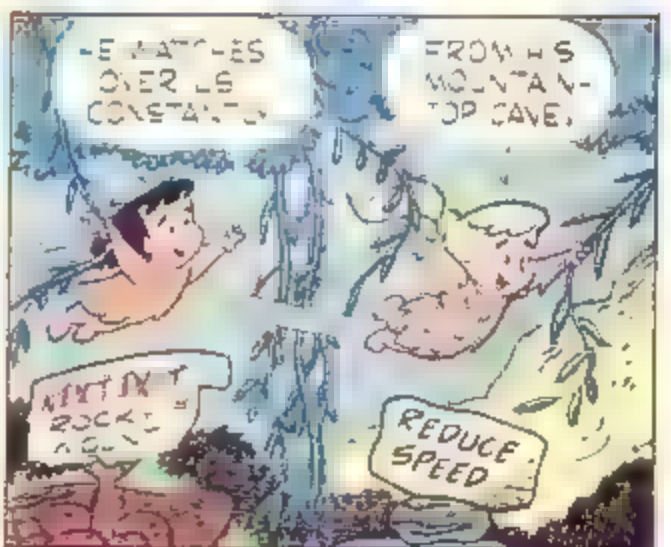
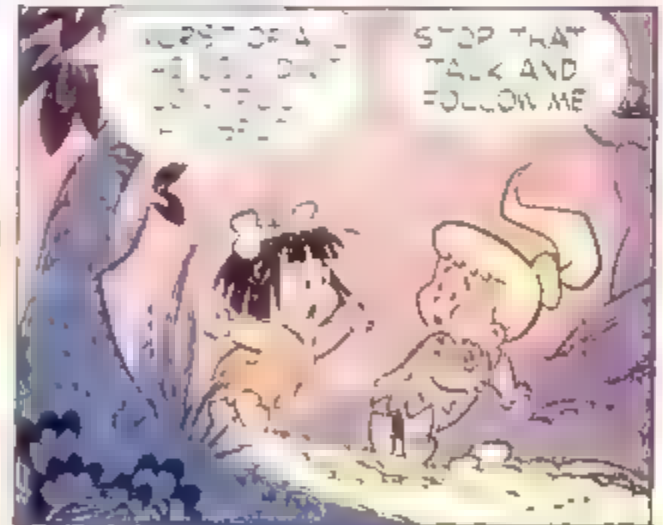
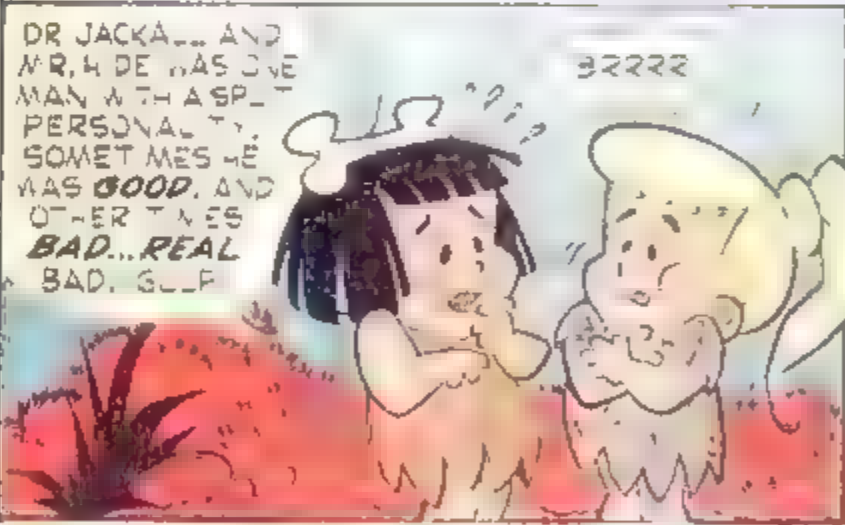
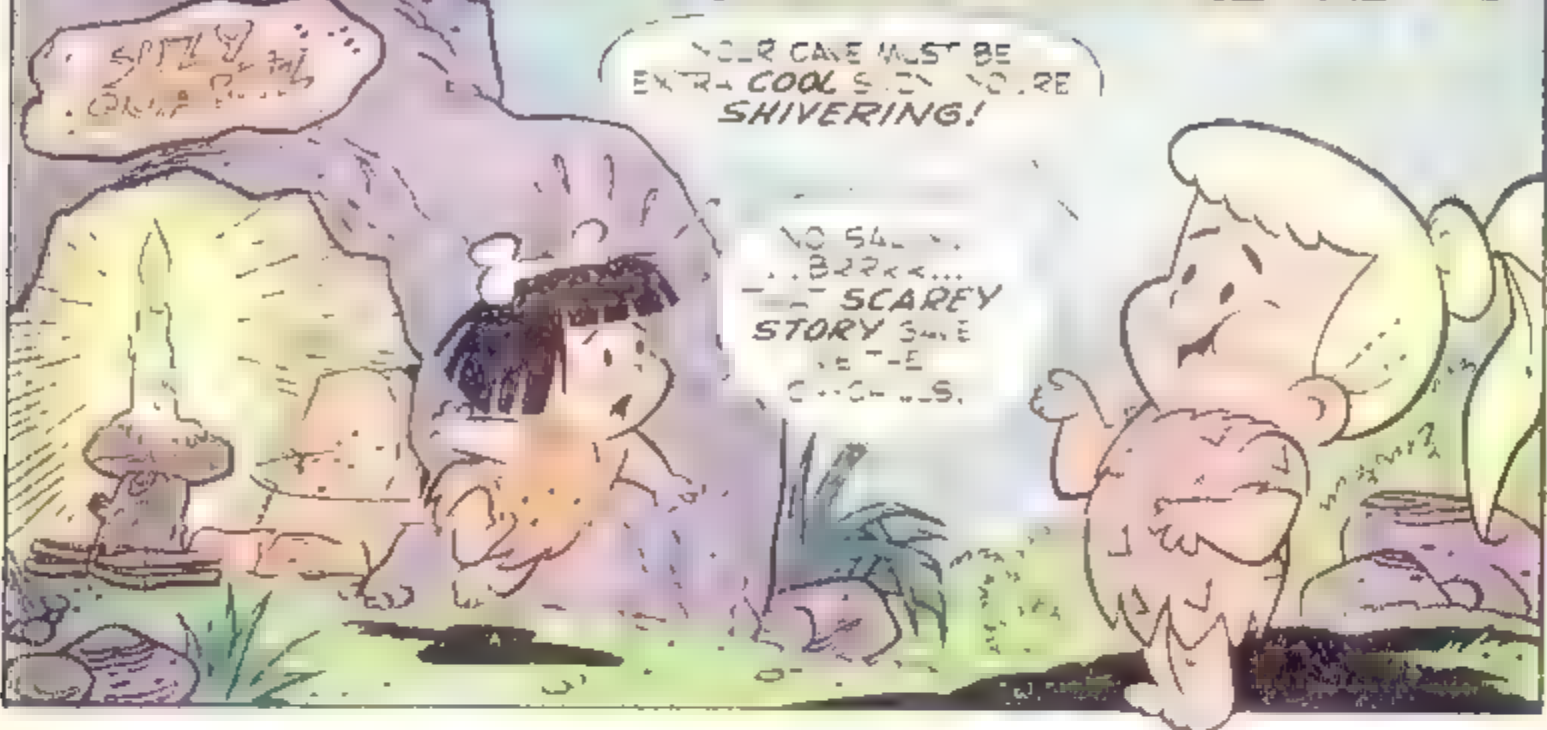
HEE HEE... I'M GOING TO SUN-BATHING IN A KNIT SWIM

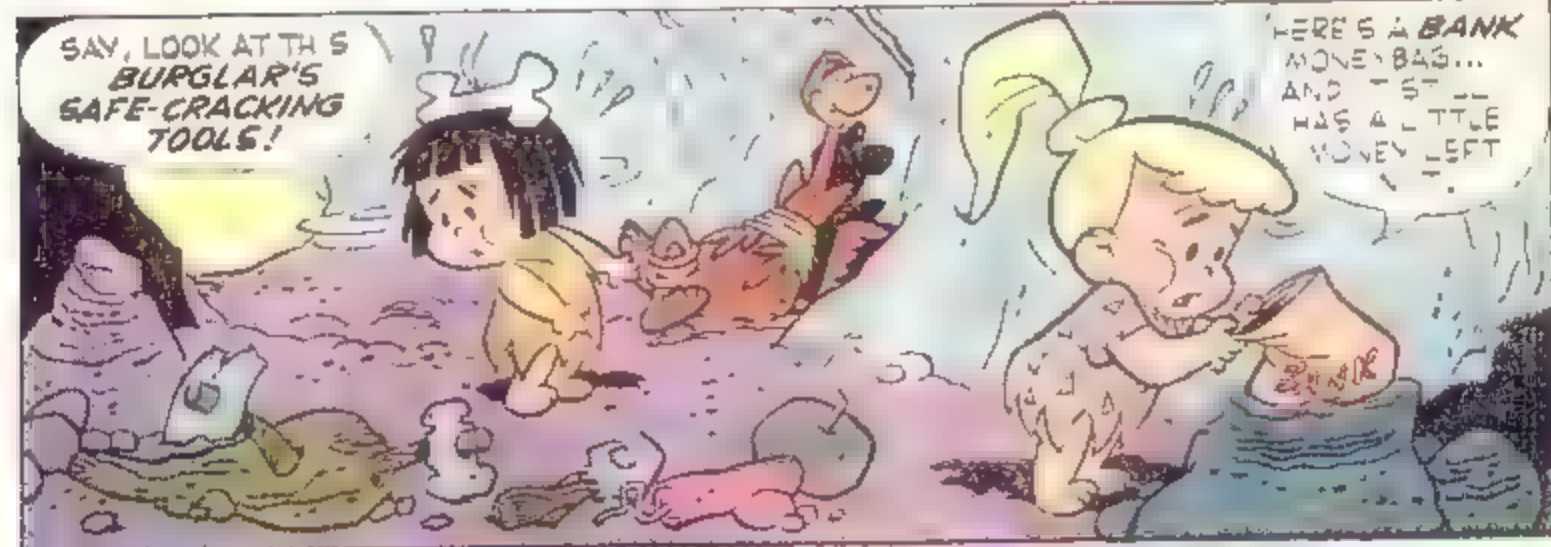
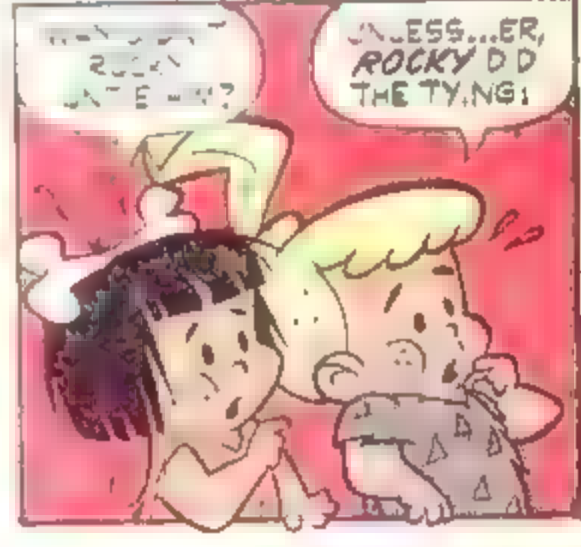
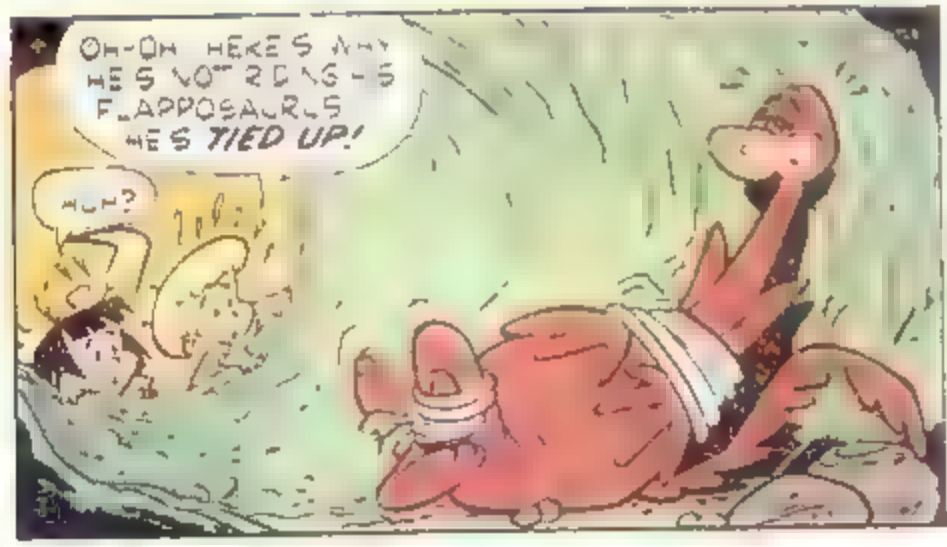
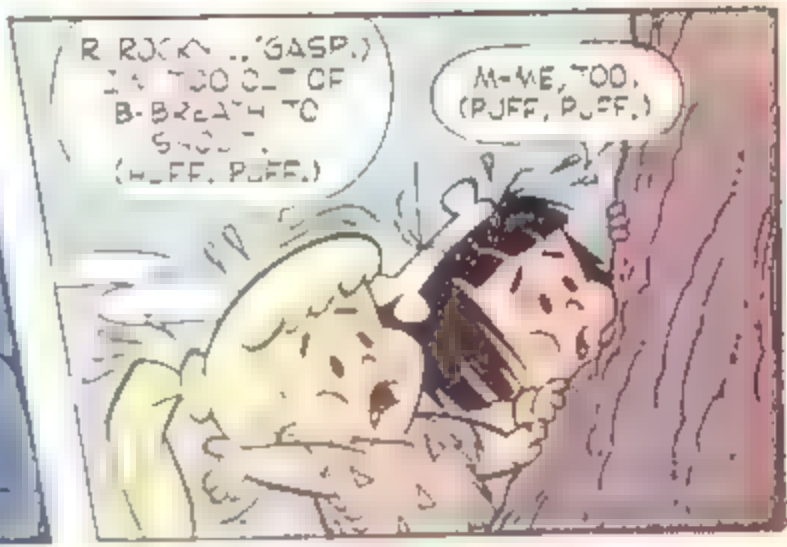
GYPSY'S A JOLLY GOOD CRYS... GAGER

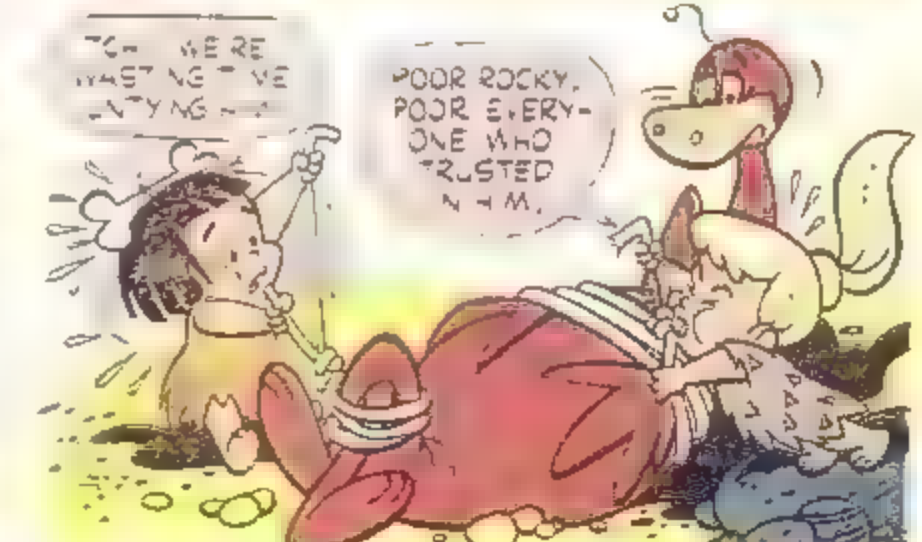
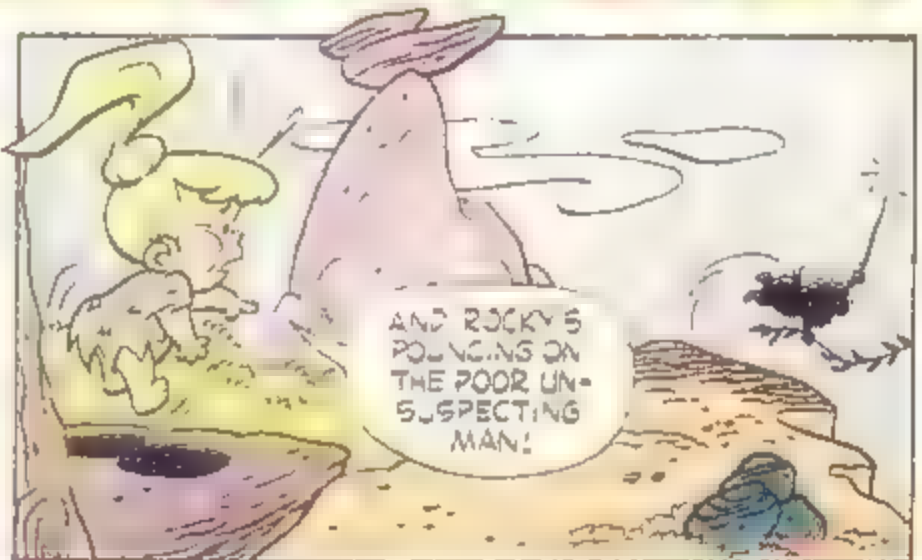
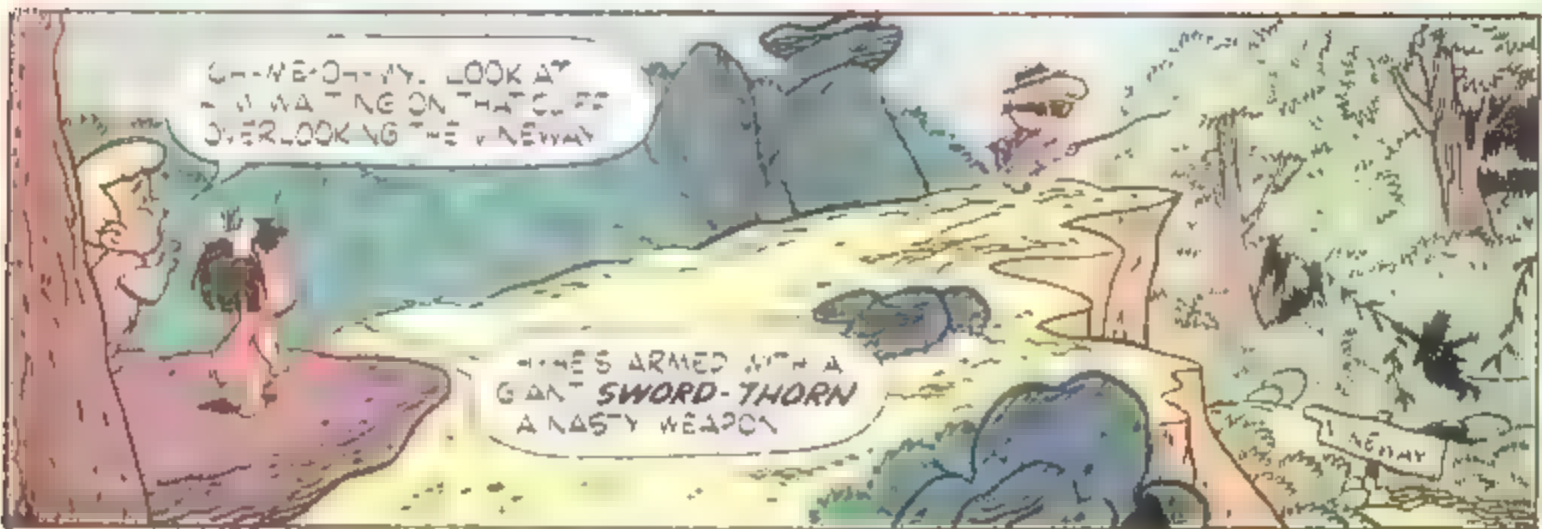
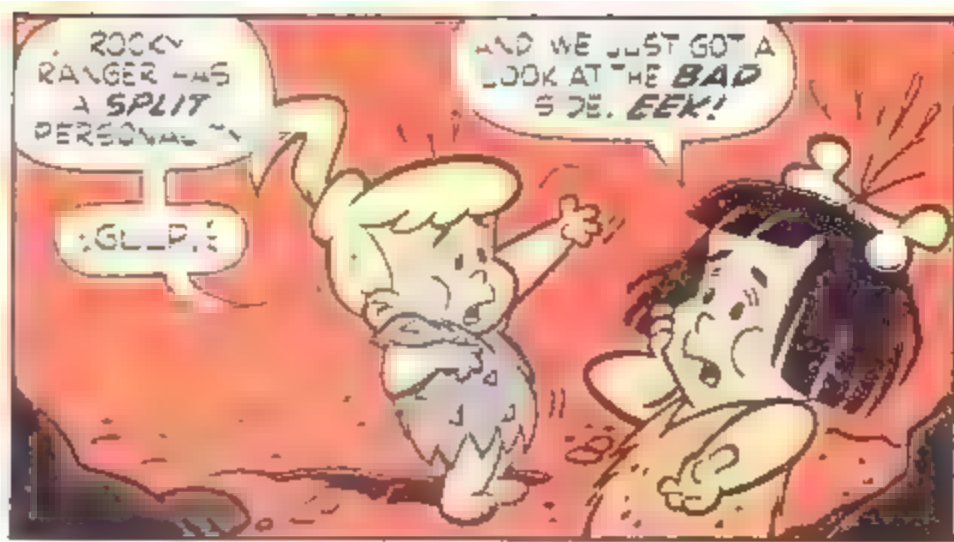
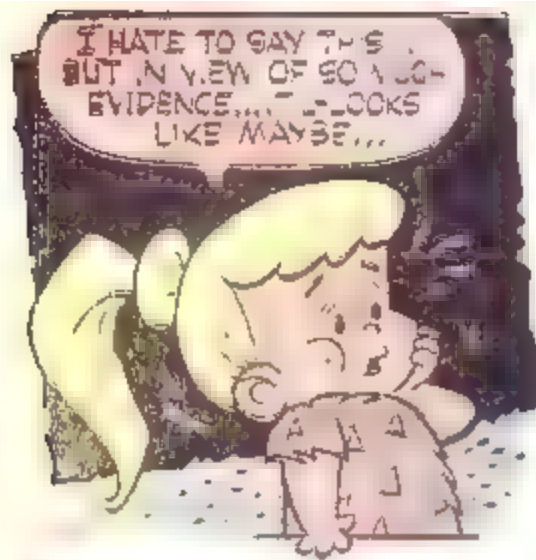


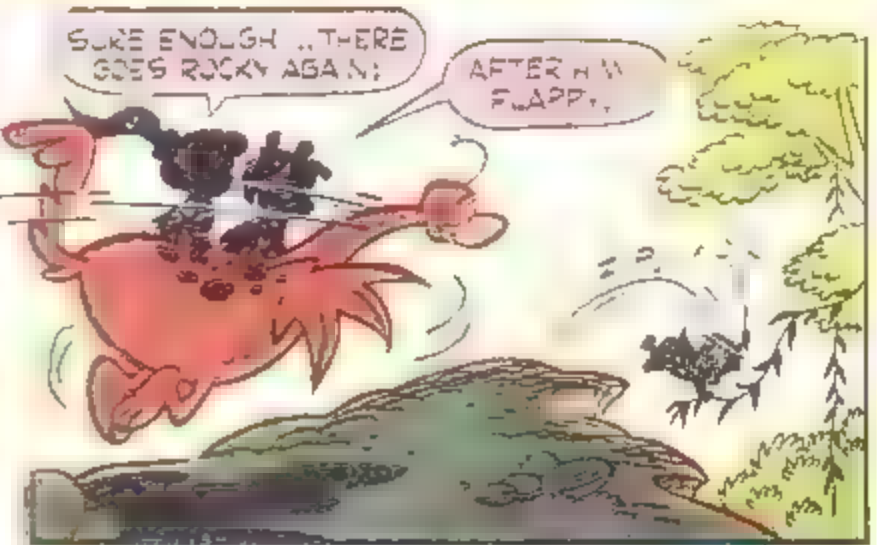
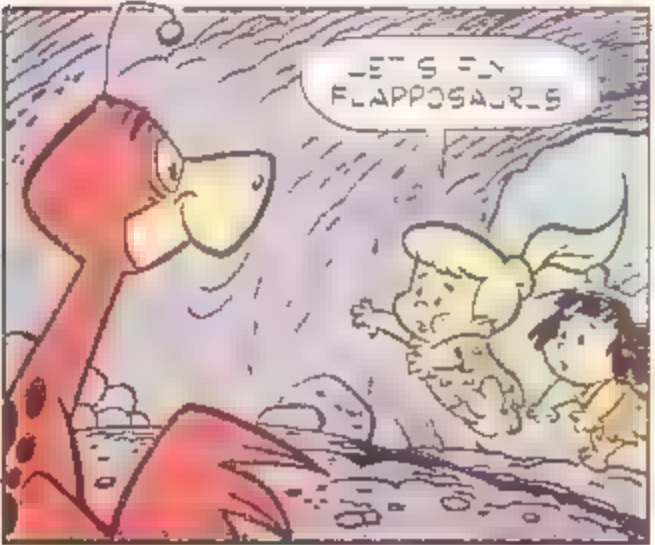
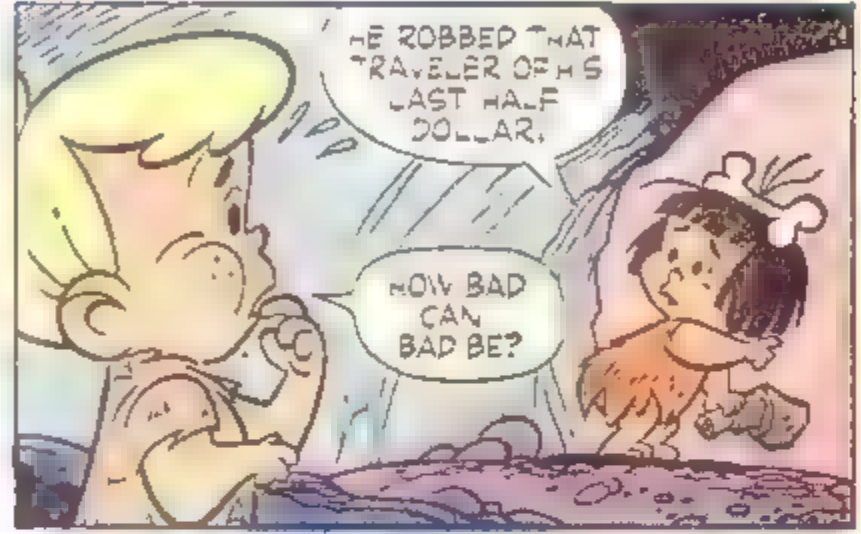
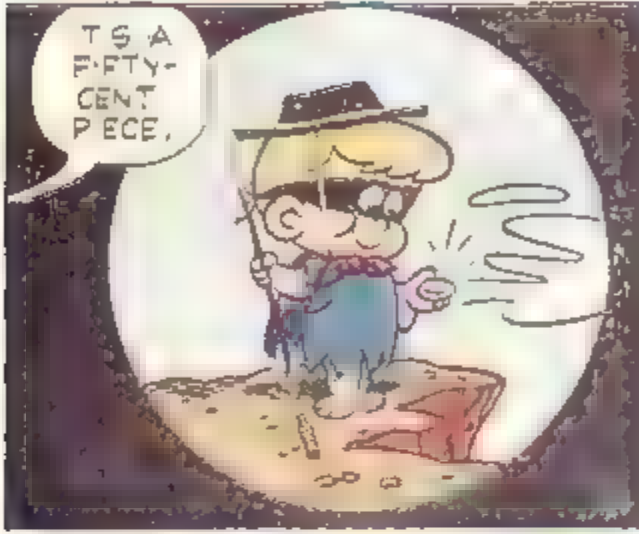
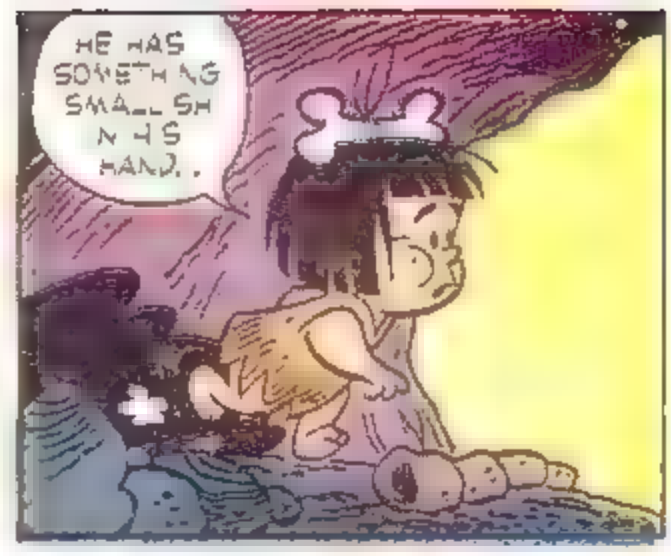
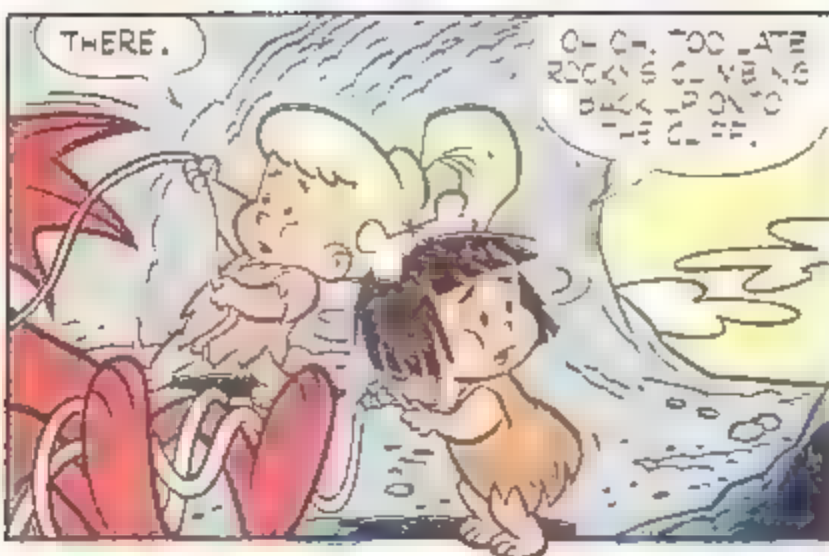
CAVE KIDS

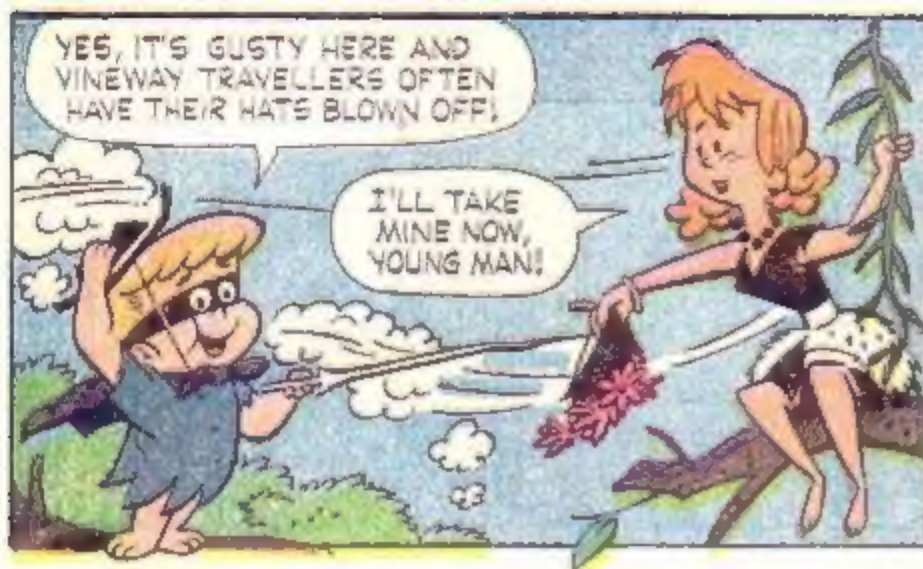
The HEEL-TYPE HERO











YES, IT'S GUSTY HERE AND VINEWAY TRAVELLERS OFTEN HAVE THEIR HATS BLOWN OFF!

I'LL TAKE MINE NOW, YOUNG MAN!



AND HERE'S A QUARTER FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

THANK YOU, MAAM!



HEH! I'M SAVING MY EARNINGS FOR HERO-COLLEGE!

OH! ER, YES... W-WE RAN ACROSS YOUR SAVINGS... IN A **BANK BAG!**



YES, MY REWARD FROM THE BANK FOR CATCHING THE STONE CITY SAFE-CRACKERS LAST YEAR CAME IN THAT BAG!



AND ALL THOSE **BURGLAR TOOLS?**

TOOK 'EM FROM THE CROOKS, NATURALLY!



SAY, WHAT AILS YOU GIRLS, ANYWAY?

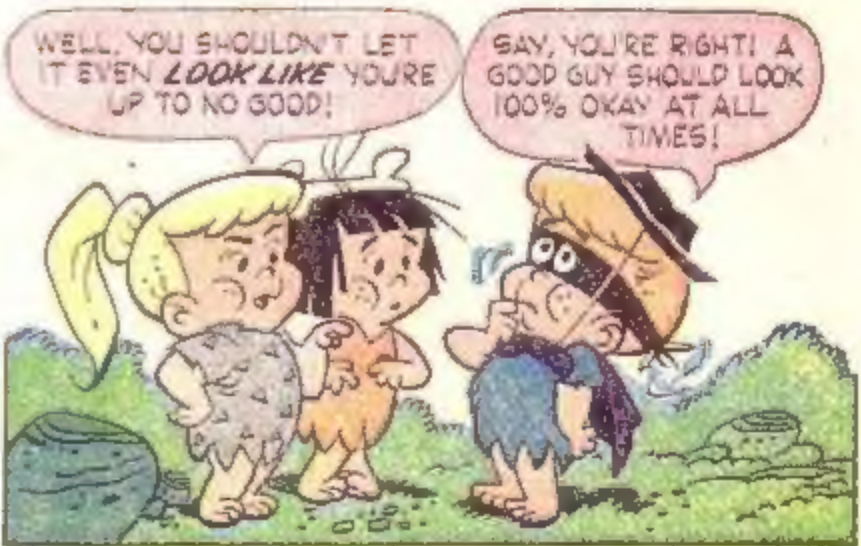
(GULP!) WE SURE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, ROCKY...

WE THOUGHT YOU HAD TURNED **ROBBER!**



BUT IT'S PARTLY **YOUR OWN FAULT, ROCKY!**

HUH? HOW'S THAT?



WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T LET IT EVEN **LOOK LIKE** YOU'RE UP TO NO GOOD!

SAY, YOU'RE RIGHT! A GOOD GUY SHOULD LOOK 100% OKAY AT ALL TIMES!

